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LILIAN AND I.

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Sweet Lilian and I
Went sailing once together—
Went sailing on the river in the breezy Autumn weather.

No cloud was to be seen
In all the sky above us,
And the sunlit waters seemed gladly conscious of us.

Before a spanking breeze
Our rakish boat sped lightly,
While Lilian in the stern held the tiller's handle tightly.

And, sailing thus, I said:
"Sweet Lilian, say whether
We may not always go sailing thus together.

For life is but a stream,
With its tides forever shifting,
And we upon its bosom toward a common goal are drifting.

And whether storm affright,
Or whether calm attend you,
I will be your pilot to guide and to defend you."

Then, laughing, Lilian said:
"At storms I never shudder—
What need I of a pilot when I can hold the rudder!"

And so I laughed with her,
And so we laughed together,
When lo! there came a sudden change upon the weather.

The storm-clouds in the west
Rolled up a mighty column,
And all the heavens grew leaden-hued and solemn.

Angry lashed the waves,
Seething ran the river,
Till Lilian's face grew pale, and her lip began to quiver.

"Take the helm!" she cried.
"I cannot hold it longer."
"Take it, love," I said; "my arm, you see, is stronger."

Veering to the wind,
The boat was quickly righted,
While Lilian looked on, all trembling and affrighted.

But sudden as it rose
The passing storm subsided,
Till over placid waters again we gayly glided.

And then I said: "My love,
When life's storms follow faster, [aster."
A stronger hand than yours must shield you from dis-

And, blushing Lilian said:
"Life's storms may make me shudder,
But not so much, I think, if you are at the rudder!"

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made—
The soul's fair emblem, and it's only name,
But of the soul—escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life! For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot—much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.—COLERIDGE.

There was a grand ball at Lady Merivale's, and at twelve o'clock the Countess, surrounded by a cordon of notabilities, might have been considered in the height of her glory. But she was not, for amongst the handsome faces of her petite court she missed one handsomer than them all. Eveline, Countess of Merivale, was a beautiful woman, one of the leaders of fashion, ambitious, with one great object in life, and that was to enslave and retain as attendant cavalier the monarch of society, Adrien Leroy.

Lord Merivale, Earl of Conybeare, was held in the light of a useful appendage by his beautiful Countess—an encumbrance slightly tiresome, but inevitable to the great Conybeare diamonds. He was fond of his farm, detested society, loved his shorthorns, and—though a courteous gentleman and every inch an English peer—was rather bored than not by his charming wife. Certainly Eveline Merivale did not love her lord, and as certainly, if the truth must be told, she did not love Adrien Leroy; but then it was the sauce piquante to her brilliant existence to fancy and make believe that she did. It was an amusement to correspond in cipher with the languid, aristocratic Apollo. It gave a charm and a dash of ecstasy to the otherwise monotonous luxury of existence to plan meetings with him at the houses of convenient relatives, beneath the shades of Brierly Park Beeches, in Louis Quartorze rooms at Richmond, and to dawdle through Summer afternoons exchanging Tennysonisms and diluted Owen-Meredithisms with the handsome, eyed, golden-haired son of the house of Barminster. Not for the world would her ladyship raise a scandal; she loved her diamonds—that was certain—far better than she loved her attendant cavalier; she prized her position as Countess Conybeare even above the little illicit meetings, flirtings and De Mussetisms. Vanity was at the bottom of it, no doubt, for it was a grand thing and a mighty to drag the godlike Adrien through the brilliant ranks of fashion at her chariot-wheels. So that at twelve o'clock, though the smile was serenely placid upon the low, white forehead, and ripe, parted lips, Eveline Merivale was impatient and anxious at heart, and beneath the heavy folds of her thick, dove-colored satin the little, white-shod feet were beating a restless tattoo. The salons were hot, though not crowded, for the Countess knew better than to spoil the pleasure of two hundred by the addition of a third. The glorious band was sending a delicious stream of melody from the music-gallery; the silks, satins and jewels were glimmering and flickering in the mazes of the deux-temps. The band of courtiers wavered, changed, passed away, and their places round the Countess were as quickly filled up. Half past twelve, and she grew more impatient. The tattoo quickened with the music, the dark, lustrous eyes shone not angrily—that would be bad breeding—but a trifle less serene.

"The Countess looks rifled," said a waltzer as he passed with his partner on his arm.

"Rifled! what a word!" replied the lady, gathering her white silk round her.

"And yet how descriptive and true a one," retorted Mortimer Shelton. "Rifled is the word, and rifled is the feeling. See how she smiles at little Lord Hatley; she wishes him anywhere, I know. Strange, when you ladies are savage, you should take such pains to hide it."

The lady laughed. She was a bright little brunette, flushed with the dance and thoroughly happy.

"Why should we wear our hearts upon our sleeves for such daws as the Honorable Mr. Shelton to peck at? Our little art of dissembling is all we possess, you know. And so you think the Countess looks angry? So she does; but how beautiful she is!"

"Marvelous," said the cynic, adding as his partner, Lady Chetwold of Chetwold Park, looked up—"marvelous that one woman should praise another's looks."

"Greater marvel still when men shall give us credit for a little justice and mutual charity. But tell me—you know everything—is Mr. Leroy to be here to-night?"

"I should soon lose my character for omniscience if I professed knowledge of Adrien's movements, Lady Chetwold. He was to have been here to-night, but whether he will be is quite another matter. Perhaps Lady Merivale is as uncertain as I am, and that may explain the sweetness of the smile which I see has at last extinguished poor little Hatley."

"You are very dreadful," laughed her bright little ladyship, fanning herself. "I am almost afraid of you, Mr. Shelton. Cynics are so wicked."

"And women love wickedness," said Mortimer, stifling a yawn behind his white hand. "The Prince is here to-night. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Lady Chetwold. "I have him down for the next—if he remembers it. He is always so forgetful.

"'Put not your trust in princes,' you know," laughed Mortimer. "And if his highness do not claim you—which I am certain he will do, or I should not offer—will you give it to me?"

"No, certainly not," was the quick retort. "*Cæsar aut nullus.*"

"Cæsar or nothing! Very well," laughed Mortimer. "Here he comes, surrounded of course."

Then, as his highness came to claim his partner, the Honorable Mortimer, with exquisite languor, delivered her up, adding as he did so:

"Here comes one greater even than Cæsar—look!"

Lady Chetwold followed the direction of his eyes, and saw that all heads were turned towards the silken-hung entrance. An indescribable hum or buzz, followed by the half-beat of silence that always precedes great men on great events, ran through the room; then, as the silks and satins parted a little, Adrien Leroy was seen advancing up the polished, mirror-like floor. A slight flush, too slight to be noticed, lit up the face of the Countess, as, making straight for the hostess, the man of the day came leisurely through the throng. Well worthy of the homage so fully paid him he looked. Adrien's beauty was of a high order—of birth and blood as well as fortune. There was nobility blended with grace; patrician was stamped on the grand, haughty face, and proclaimed itself in the perfectly moulded limbs. Put him in a carter's smock, thrust a whip in the long, white, shapely hand, and he would seem a king in robe of samite, with a sceptre in grasp. To-night Norgate had pushed back the heavy golden-bronze hair from the white forehead, had set priceless pearls in the wrists and snowy shirt-front, had with marvelous nicety circled the column-like neck with a loose, graceful collar, and tied the thick band of lawn in a massive knot under the throat. A greater than Cæsar, *certes*, for this king needed no court—nothing could elevate or lower him. He was the idol of society, the absolute ruler of fashion.

"That is he!"

"An Oriental beauty, and yet so English, so massive," muttered a Spanish Ambassador.

"Aye, those limbs are built like steel, monsigneur, and I have seen that thin, lady hand break down the guard of Francois Deullot himself," responded an English diplomat.

With serene, bland calm, utterly unconscious, or at least utterly indifferent to the attention and admiration that accompanied his every step, Adrien Leroy bent over the Countess' hand with his kingly courtesy, murmuring in his clear, musical tones, his greeting; then turned to shake hands with the Prince, who, as profound an admirer of the popular idol as the lesser lights, had paused to exchange a word before the dance commenced. Adrien sank into the velvet lounge beside the Countess.

"You do not scold me, *belle reine*," he said in his low, soft voice, "and yet I could lay the blame on other's shoulders. I have been dining with Pomfret, the Duke and Vignard, at the club. You know Vignard's dinners—simply perfection. Pomfret was in the best possible form, and escape was impossible. But, now I am here, at least you have saved me a dance?"

"You do not deserve one," she said, looking down upon him, all her impatience and irritation melting beneath the magic of his smile and the music of his voice.

"It is the one great mercy, *ma belle*," he retorted, "that one does not get one's deserts in this world."

She gave him the programme with a half-sigh.

"I saved you the next," she said, "foolish as ever."

"Gracious and sweet as ever," he said. "How should my rose be otherwise?"

She looked before her dreamily, letting the soft phrase go and pass unheeded.

"You have been to Barminster?" she said presently.

He nodded, and settled himself more comfortably.

"Yes," he said.

"The Baron sees more of his darling now," she said. "I thought filial affection never ran very hotly in the Leroy blood."

"Nor does it," he said with a low laugh. "Business, my dear Eveline, odious business, into which Jasper persistently inveigles me."

"I thought Mr. Jasper Vermont was the new machine through which all your business troubles were manipulated."

"So thought I," he said. "But one must turn the handle, even, of machines. There are signatures and other forms which must be gone through—at least, Jasper says so."

"And how is the Baron?" she said.

"Well," he replied.

"And Lady Constance?" she said with the slightest dash of cold restraint in her voice.

"Also well," he replied, nodding to a man who entered.

"She is staying at the castle, I suppose?" said the Countess with an indifference almost too marked.

"Yes," he replied absently; then added: "You do not ask after King Cole."

"Ah, no. He shares the general good health, I trust."

"Yes," he said with a smile.

"He will win, you still think?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Vermont says there is nothing in the field worthy to be named with him."

The Countess raised her eyebrows, and examined the miniatures on her fan.

"This Mr. Vermont seems a wonderful man. You trust him in matters of business and the table. A connoisseur of wine, and thoroughbreds, and a master of *precis* and legalities; a wonderful man!"

"Yes," he said with his low laugh, "Jasper is a wonderful fellow—Jasper has brains. Nothing comes amiss to him. With half the worry he wrestles with daily, I should be in my grave. He is an invaluable friend, and the gods have been kind in bestowing him on me."

The Countess looked straight before her, but said nothing.

"Come," said he as the first bars of a Strauss valse floated from the gallery; and, with a sigh of enjoyment, she rose for the waltz she had reserved for him.

"No one has my step like you," she breathed when they paused for rest. "Adrien, shall I back King Cole for another thousand?"

The two sentences were rather incongruous, but they were curiously characteristic of her ladyship. The love of intrigue, and a well-bred, pretty little partiality for making money by a little betting on the turf and speculation in the money-market, both "sub-rosa," of course, were the two principal traits of the Countess' character.

"Oh, yes," he said as they started again; "Jasper has put two thousand more of mine on to day. And there he is," he added as the sleek, carefully-dressed figure of Mr. Vermont entered the saloon.

Mr. Vermont did not dance. He was one whom you could not imagine as threading the mazes of a cotillion or swinging in the circle to three-four time. But though Mr. Jasper Vermont could not dance, he was always welcome to every ballroom. The great ones of May Fair would as soon have thought of omitting the great name of Adrien Leroy from their invitation-lists as that of his friend, Mr. Jasper Vermont. Whatever the hour, however mixed the company, Mr. Vermont had always a smile, a jest or a new and piquant scandal. In the smoking-room he would rival Mortimer Shelton in good-natured cynicism. In a dowager-duchess' boudoir he would flavor the tea with the neatest bon-mot and the spiciest demolition of her grace's nearest friend. Nothing came amiss to him, as Adrien Leroy had once said in his indolent, graceful way—he was a universal genius, a cyclopædia of the arts and sciences, cool of head, strong of hand, and ready of wit. To the last quality some of the insolent aristocrats could bear witness; for, with all Mr. Jasper Vermont's amiable smile, he could resent, smiling still, an impertinence, and deal back a tongue-stroke with the sharpest word-fencers. To-night he was at the Countess' ball for no purpose, apparently, but to enjoy the bright colors of the scene and the gayety of the atmosphere. His sharp, little eyes were like pretty snakes behind their heavy lids, his little, fat hands clasped each other behind his back in a mutual caress of confidence, and his thick neck wagged his smooth head and face to the rhythm of the music, as if hands, neck and face thoroughly enjoyed it. Mortimer Shelton came upon him thus, and muttered: "Vishnu gloating over the destined victims!" to his neighbor. But

"REAH."—He turned his head with slow hauteur—the Leroys never allowed even the shadow of surprise—and kissed, with a kingly, condescending kind of courtesy, the long, slender fingers that rested on his velvet.

Mr. Jasper did not hear him, or, if he did, he took no notice, and smiled on till the passers-by seemed bathed in the effulgence of his universal benediction.

The small hours came on, and the carriages crashed and crowded in the streets and squares around the house, that looked like a huge lantern, with the light streaming to great glaring floods through the huge windows. In the crush, Leroy, with the Marchioness of Engleton on his arm, came against Mr. Jasper Vermont.

"The brougham is at the corner. Supper at St. James', you remember?"

Leroy nodded.

"Ah, yes, very well," and they were parted again.

"The Marchioness of Engleton's carriage!" shouted the groom of the hall, and through the long line of footmen, towering in his graceful height above the titled aristocrats in the throng, Adrien Leroy steered the Marchioness to the carriage, stood bareheaded until it had moved on, and then, nodding languid good-nights to the shower of farewells that were eagerly bestowed on him, strolled to the corner, where his night-brougham stood waiting. Mr. Jasper Vermont, who always managed to penetrate the densest crowd—owing to the oil in his composition, Mortimer Shelton said—was already at the door, looking at the horses and fumbling for his cigar-case. Adrien Leroy stood for a moment with his hands thrust into the pockets of his white-beaver overcoat, looking at the struggling crowd, a smile of half-contemptuous, half-puzzled amusement on his noble face.

"Look, Jasper!" he said, nodding, with the curl of the lip that was more weary than scornful—"look at them. It is hard work. And they call it pleasure—live and die for a few hours nightly in a crowded, poisoned room, and a hand-to-hand struggle in the dark and mire of the streets afterwards. Pleasure! And there's no prophet to rise and proclaim it madness to live so!"

"No," laughed Mr. Jasper. "Prophets know better. We should stone them, as we have always done ever since this exquisite conglomeration of folly 'the world' was set rolling. Prophets! We should profit by them, I fancy!"

Adrien Leroy laughed.

"Your alchemy is a potent one, Jasper, mind. It turns all things to jest," he said, stepping into the brougham.

"The truest metal of the world's coinage, after all," said Mr. Vermont. "Everything goes down before it—States, dynasties, and a woman's reputation."

The splendid horses—a recent purchase of their lordly master—paused, reared and plunged, then sped away, their iron-plated hoofs striking the round stones as if in scorn of all things earthly, and the two moralizers on the vanity of the fair were driven to a fresh booth. Then, when the carriage was lost in the darkness and swallowed up by innumerable others rolling in the same direction, from out the shadows of the tall stone pillars of the Conybeare mansion stepped the noble figure of a girl. In the glare of the saloon-lights she looked as beautiful as an Egyptian lotus-flower; her dark, olive skin shining in that rich, dusky tint; her large, deep eyes fixed fawn-like upon the tiny, twinkling lamps of the departing vehicle. She smiled. The lips, half-parted, seemed to breathe a prayer or a blessing in their tremulous movement, and the hand—small and well-formed—was pressed against the shapely, graceful bosom with firmness of restraint.

"How beautiful he is!" she murmured, lost to all sound—the crowd near her and lights beating upon her. "How beautiful and how good! Oh, if I could follow him—be near him!"

She turned with a sigh, and found herself face to face with a small group of men, fresh from the heat of the ball-room and thirsty for some fresh excitement.

"Ah, pretty one!" exclaimed one of them. "Alone and star-gazing. Come, here are mortals thirsting for a glimpse of those dark eyes."

He seized her arm—not urgently, but with the playful cruelty of a pleasure-hunter, and drew her to him.

"Dark eyes, indeed, queen of night," he added, as, heedless of her struggles, he drew her out of the shadow into a patch of light. "A Cleopatra, with the addition of god-like youth. Estcourt, what a prize! Will you give me a kiss, pretty one!"

Almost before the question had left his lips she raised her white, muscular arm, and struck him across them. So sudden, so unexpected, was the blow that he loosened his grasp on her arm. She snatched herself free, and darted like a swallow into the gloom. Pursuit was useless, and the persecutor, with a puzzled and amused laugh, rejoined his friends. Meanwhile the night-brougham had set down the two friends at the house in St. James'. There was a supper at Haidee's, and a room full of beautiful women, stars of the theatrical and Terpsichorean and operatic hemisphere, were waiting for them. The darkness gave way to gray dawn, and still the revelry flew on. Flashes of song flavored the wine that poured out like water; bright scintillations of wit sharpened the shouts of laughter, and woke prolonged applause from white, jeweled hands. The goddess of pleasure was being feted by her youthful worshipers, and here, amidst the devotees at the very shrine, none was a more eager votary than Adrien Leroy. See him as he stood with a golden goblet of sparkling Rhine in his right hand, his left toying with the golden tresses of a Spanish beauty, his eyes sparkling to their utmost depths with the elixir of pleasure, his lips opened to thrill out in the deep music of his voice the chorus to a song chanted by a bird-throated prima-donna:

Ah, while the wine is sweet in the cup,
And the stars are bright above,
Care in a kiss is swallowed up
And drowned in a draught of love!

See him thus in the brightness and glory of his youth, and, bowing to the splendor of his grace and strength—to the majesty of his light, untrammeled heart. Look no farther; for perchance in the background, unseen by the flashing eyes of the revelers, there grins darkly and threateningly a shadow with wide-spread wings of deathlike hue, and a face that bears a strong resemblance to the fiend or—Mr. Jasper Vermont.

CHAPTER VI.

These modern men and days that seem
So strange to me, remembering
Those that passed when this gray head
Bore youth upon its crest.

High up in the woods of Buckinghamshire stood stately Barminster; so old that one-half its long-stretched pile had decayed to picturesque ruin; so young in the hearts of the people that the chubby village-boys would smile at their fathers' knees when they spoke of the castle; so grand in its deep-burned, majestic red, relieved by the sparkling, innumerable diamond-latticed windows, that the great marble palace of the American millionaire, that glared bombastically at the sun half a dozen miles off, looked hugely ugly and hideously vulgar. To say that the Leroys were proud of their ancestral home would be to use the wrong expression. There had been Leroys since William the Robber had struck sparks from British flint with his mailed heel, and Barminster Castle was the natural adjunct to the ancient glory of the house. If the Leroys were proud of anything, it was the love and reverence of their people, who in picturesque, far-away, dotted villages and hamlets surrounded the castle as naturally and fondly as did the woods. The forefathers of the Barminster peasants followed the Baron Leroy's ancestors to the wars, and shed their blood as liberally as the cascade in the wood poured out its water. In these piping times of peace the sons of the loyal people followed still, with reverent looks, affectionate interest, and the watchful, guardful love which would have died into defiant faithfulness if a Leroy had but nodded towards the tattered standard in the banquet-hall and called them to his side.

"God, King and Leroy!" had been the fearless battle-cry of the faithful folk when the Martyr King had struggled with the Puritan cropheads, and the cry was not yet forgotten; the hearts that learnt it glowed still warm in the present generation.

Yet Baron Leroy, present Lord of Barminster, had done nothing to keep the flame of loyalty alight in the hearts of the people. He was a stern, austere, haughty, unyielding old man—tall, thin, white-bearded and hawk-eyed. If he loved a single human being, so vast was his pride, so fierce his scorn for what he would have termed plebeian weakness, that with natural facility he concealed the fact. If he smiled—there were some who had been about his person who had never seen the stern, knotted brow relax—it was but in mockery of some weakness or foible in others. If the curtness of his speech softened or grew less harsh, it was but to sharpen the dart of merciless sarcasm. His attendants and members of his retinue—for the servants at Barminster amounted in number to, and seemed in appearance, owing to their claret-livery, the army of a small German principality—feared and dreaded while they loved him. His friends were cautious in his presence, and never mentioned his name without a slight hesitation, as much of respect as fear, for the Baron's great virtue was justice, in the sacred cause of which his dearest bosom-friend—had he possessed one—would have been sacrificed unhesitatingly. There were many who remembered the fearful, merciless punishment dealt out to many an unthinking parvenu who had dared to affront the Lord Barminster. In France his bright rapier was ever ready to his iron wrist; in England the heavy-thonged whip never failed as instrument of his wrath when chastisement was required from him for some slight or wrong he had received, or fancied he had received, at another's hand. The law, mighty as it was, still failed to enmesh the singular Baron, for he had a way, a happy knack, of punishing or killing so completely that the victim never escaped with strength enough to obtain redress.

Such was the Baron, and to read all we have said of him it were only necessary to look upon the stern, aristocratic face and unbending figure as he strode, to and fro, the mosaic pavement of the south terrace in the clear brightness of the March morning. The sun shone full upon the dark velvet of his dressing-gown, and caught with a thousand hues the facets of the priceless diamonds at his white, slender wrists. At the back of him glittered the stained-window of the morning-room. One side, thrown open to allow the Baron to step out onto the terrace, revealed the elegant luxury of the apartment, on the centre-table of which gleamed the silver-gilt breakfast-service, shadowed over by the rising steam from the silver urn. A bright fire sparkled in the grate, and four Venetian mirrors, dividing the rows of painters' masterpieces, threw back, as if with aristocratic scorn, the wealth and beauty they reflected.

The Baron stopped in his stroll, and turned his dark, flashing eyes on the landscape stretching beneath him. Through the tangled confusion of dark, massive woods there lay a long line of pasture, cut here and there by dark threads that were hedges of formidable height, and divided by a streak of light, glittering silver, which was the dangerous stream that formed the final obstacle in the Barminster steeple-course. All the Leroys had been fond of horses. The Barminster stables had sent many a satin-coated, fire-blooded colt to carry off the gilt-vase, and this race-course, which the present Baron so carefully kept up, had been planned and laid down by the most famous of the Leroy Nimrods. While he looked at it ponderingly, a light footfall broke the silence, and a hand as light as the footfall rested on his shoulder. He turned his head with slow hauteur—the Leroys never allowed even the shadow of surprise—and kissed, with a kingly, condescending kind of courtesy, the long, slender fingers that rested on his velvet.

"So early, Constance!" he said. "Who summoned you from the eyrie?"

"The larks," replied the clear, high-toned voice of a woman, and Lady Constance Tremaine dropped her hand from the old man's shoulder and glided to the marble balustrade on which his own palm rested.

A beautiful woman was Lady Constance—one of the faultlessly faultless faces which the lover in Tennyson's "Maud" half suspected in his mistress—a face that, with a touch of color, passion, feeling, would have been simply irresistible. But if the delicately-tinted flesh, the large, almond eyes, the faultless mouth, had been but the cunningly-devised marble of a Michael Angelo, it could not have been more calm, more placidly, proudly immovable. As they two, old man and young woman, stood side by side in the clear morning light, the resemblance between them was marked. They were related, too, for the Tremaines were something akin to the Leroys; a distant branch of the mighty clan, and the pride which tainted the blood stirred in their veins and inflamed their hearts. The Tremaines were a poor stock of the great race, and beyond the favors of her mighty relative proud, beautiful Lady Constance had nothing.

"The larks," she repeated, pointing to the heralds of the morning as they fluttered high up in the blue azure. "Whether to call them friends or foes I know not; for, though song is sweet, sleep is sweet also, and assuredly they rob me of the latter."

She spoke in the low, subdued tones of her class, with the exact modulation prescribed by refinement; but the voice, though perfectly musical, lacked that feeling which alone can make it grateful to the heart and ear.

"What care we for larks for you?" said the Baron curtly. "They are, like their masters, selfish to the core; so that they get their meed of sleep, the Lady Constances of the world may roll with tired and unsatisfied lids. But, larks or no larks, you look fresh and bright this morning, Constance, and—base alloy to the compliment—are hungry, no doubt."

"Fairly so," she replied, still looking out on the landscape, a family one to her. "Breakfast is waiting. Lady Penelope will take hers in solitude this morning."

The Baron inclined his head.

"So much for the gentle Emillion. Did I not warn her? Strong stomachs may venture where Lady Penelope's feeble digestion should falter."

Lady Constance smiled.

"Aunt's headache is no worse than usual; so the claret has little to answer for, my lord. How bright the course looks this morning!"

"Aye," he said grimly. "Like all things that are dangerous, it is sweet to the eye. I loathe that fresh strip of green, the grave of many a Leroy's best hope. The turf has been a fatal snare for our race, girl."

She nodded, and her eyelids drooped a little.

"And yet you keep it so carefully."

"As a man will treasure the poison or the weapon which has slain his sire. Aye, let what will happen, the death-ride must have its dressing and its due attention. See where that pollard droops over the dark line of the brook?"

And he pointed with his long, thin hand to a corner of the course.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"A Leroy—Francis, Lord of Thamescraft—bled to death at his feet. See there at the bend—Geoffrey Leroy, in a sterner chase, fell by a crophead's halbert. And there, where the mound rises by the hawthorne, the brightest of my father's brothers broke his neck. Do you wonder that the emerald of the turf turns crimson in my sight at times, or that the solitude of the plain is filled by fancy with a skeleton host who rides helter-skelter for the poison-cup of death? Bah, these are the mad shadows of a dotard!"

He broke off suddenly and turned to an open window.

"Adrien comes to-day," he said curtly, standing aside and motioning her through with a gesture of the hand that was more a command than a courtesy.

"To-day?" repeated Lady Constance, passing into the room. "I thought the race was to-morrow, and that he would not arrive until then."

"The race is to-morrow. He comes to-day," said the Baron, sinking into his carved chair, upon the back of which the Leroy arms blazed in the sunlight. "I knew it not till this morning, when a messenger brought a note from him, saying that we should see him at dinner."

"Is that all he writes?" asked Lady Constance, filling the dainty Sevres cup, and passing it to him. The Baron and his niece dispensed with the attendance when breakfasting alone. It pleased him to be waited on by her white hands and noiseless movements.

"What should he say?" he asked grimly.

"Nothing," she replied instantly, "save of his horse."

The Baron remained silent for a moment, his eyes fired on the painted window.

"Of his horse or his friend," continued Lady Constance, lifting her dark eyes to his face. "Mr. Jasper Vermont accompanies him, my lord?"

The Baron's face darkened, and his thin lips shut tightly.

"Aye," he said. "In the old times a Leroy kept his stewards and bailiffs at arm's length, and was not half-fellow-well-met with every adventurer. Now the days are changed, and, with the steam-engine over our fields and blackening our woods, we lower ourselves to clasp the dingy hand of a nameless club-waif as friend and equal. Yes, he comes with him, and we shall gloat the gods with the spectacle of a Leroy feasting side by side, beneath the torn standard of the Martyr, under the very roof which sheltered our King, with a plebeian snob, whose cunning brains stand him in the place of blood, whose effrontery is the password which admits him to his master's table."

Low and bitter the invective syllables rolled out, and Lady Constance's eyes scintillated with a sudden, momentary light as she heard them.

"It is strange, this liking Adrien has taken for his—steward, or whatever he may call him; it is unaccountable," she said, in the even, musical tones with which she would as calmly deal out praise. "He is clever, perhaps."

"Your rogue's only virtue," said the Baron.

"Amusing," suggested Lady Constance.

"An adventurer's principal stock in trade," was the curt response.

"And manages Adrien's business matters so admirably."

"A sharp sleight-of-hand, as like as not. But be it as it will, let it rest. We Leroys keep our hands from each other's eyes, though the beams may blind. Not mine the task to call my son a fool or strip the mask from his adventurer-friend's false face. Let it go. Whomsoever a Leroy bids to Barminster, I, the lord of it, will welcome. If Adrien chooses to warm adders at his hearth, his the care they do not turn and sting. Enough. Give me some more coffee, and leave the fellow's name in silence; for, by the Heaven above, I loathe it!"

None disobeyed the Baron, even by a look, and with lowered lids the Lady Constance refilled his cup and bore it to his chair. As she did so his sharp eyes caught the glitter of a bright piece of needlework across the chair from which she had risen, and, with a curt gesture in its direction, he said:

"What is that?"

She took it up and opened it out for him. It was a silk jacket with crimson and white stripes; Lady Constance had worked every stitch, and blazoned in silver filagree the Leroy coat-of-arms upon the breast.

"Hem!" he said, "a pretty piece of foolery. He rides in it?"

"For the Grand Military," she said. "Do you think it pretty?"

"As a macaw in the sunlight," he said grimly, and then bent his eyes upon her questioningly. "You worked it for him, girl?"

She inclined her stately head.

"Yes," she replied with a half-smile.

He rose, and, setting his cup down, strode to the window.

"You are not displeased that he should wear my colors, my lord?" she said, going to him and touching his arm.

"Whose else, girl?" he said, turning haughtily upon her—"whose else but his bride-elect's? You were plighted in your cradles. Leroy and Tremaine are no unequal match. Make his jacket, girl, and"—with the soft, cruel smile which spared none—"win the heart it will cover, if you can."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CANVAS-SHOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. W.

The canvas shows for 1877 are now fairly launched on the tide of success. The "Paste Brigade" revel in paste and twelve-sheet cuts, and the big stands of bills go up as if by magic, to be a wonder and study for the inhabitants until the day for the show arrives. And what a day it is! The local venders of pop-beer, gingerbread, etc., are out in full force, taking good care, however, not to encroach on "the lot."

By twelve o'clock the inhabitants of the surrounding country commence to arrive; for the menagerie must be seen, and so must the museum; and then for a good seat near the band, to get which everybody must be on hand early. In the evening the townspeople, and many of the afternoon visitors who have remained in town, fill the canvas and cheer the boys on.

With a grand flourish of trumpets and a shout of applause, the dazzling and astonishing performances are brought to an end. Billy has done a "cutaway" from the bar, Fanny has "balanced on the trapeze," Sam has done "a spotter" on his brother's (?) shoulders, Charley has "turned both a back and forward somersault on the bare back of his running steed," the clown has told his "gags," the trick dogs and horses and many other acts have all received their share of applause, and for the wind-up there remains the concert, "which takes place in this ring immediately after the conclusion of the circus performance, those holding tickets, etc." During the concert most of the seats are down and loaded. The concert at an end, the canvas is "struck," etc., soon everything is packed, the "people" are all seated, and we bid good-bye to the town and start on our long drive. Bad roads and steep hills, and we make but slow progress. By ten o'clock help—if the moon, however, we succeed in "pulling through," and by daylight we are in sight of the town. We pass the first house. The noise of the horse's feet and the rattling of the cages are sufficent to bring a head to the window. I said head; I mean heads, for every window is filled—in fact, they number more than a thousand—at least, it appears so to the sleepy showman.

Once in town, no time is to be lost; the canvas must be pitched, the parade made. At the end of the day, the former night's experience must be repeated. If the night is dark or stormy, it adds to the showman's troubles. A great many stories could be told of sleepy drivers waking and finding themselves anywhere but in the road—in a field, in a farmer's yard, or waking just in time to find the wagon going upside down into the gutter or ditch.

During the season of '74 the D—— Show fed the canvasmen and drivers on the lot (and they were well fed, too). The culinary department was superintended by a darky—a good cook, but possessed of his share of "shiftlessness." The cook-tent had the use of a large two-horse Concord-covered wagon. This generally contained a good supply of everything. After supper the darky's business was to pack this wagon, but usually the packing consisted of setting things in in the most careless manner. One night they had an all-night drive to make. As soon as they were all under way, the darky proceeded to crawl into the cook-wagon amongst the supplies and go to sleep. In a short time the driver commenced to nod, the horses followed the wagon ahead, and everything went well until it became necessary to take a cross-road. The driver, about half awake, knew that he must turn to the right; but, the night being dark, he could not see the road, and drove too far; and when he did turn, instead of going into the road, he went up a bank by the side of the road, and over went cook-wagon—fortunately, not breaking any part of it. But when it was righted, what a sight the inside presented, being beautifully frescoed with everything in the wagon! And what an object that poor darky was, tattooed from head to foot with coffee, flour, lard, salt, etc., one ear beautified with a big lump of butter, his eyes full of flour, etc., etc.—not a part of him escaped. It was a long time before he allowed himself to go to sleep again on the road.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

Mrs. Pepper has just been granted a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruelty. Surely he was not a *Man Pepper*.

An actress' age is a problem concerning which no manager or newspaper reporter has ever exclaimed: "Eureka!"

A promissory note—Clara Louise Kellogg's name in a programme.

The man who is always as cool as a cucumber is generally as green.

An absorbing story is like your overcoat pawned—the interest increases.

The friends of a defaulting bank-cashier tried to keep it from his wife, but the president had to *teller*.

A banker's vault, like a soldier, is good for nothing unless it will stand fire.

Renown will attend the ambitious youth who invents a pair of spectacles for the eyes of a potato.

Don't tell your secrets beside the running brook—they babble.

Cricketers should never be asked to dance, for they stop the ball.

A circus-rider thrown off while practicing is like unpaid gas-bills—turned off at the wast.

Two difficult surgical operations—to take the jaw out of a woman and the cheek out of a man.

It is safe to endorse the idea that Adam bit the apple because he had no knife.

Felons are differently located, sometimes at the end of the finger, and not unfrequently at the end of a rope.

THEM KEANS.—In Big-tree Grove we met the rich family of an ex-butcher by the name of Kean. The young ladies wore camel's-hair shawls and six-buttoned gloves. From their ears dangled four-carat diamonds, and their broad feet were encased in $18 French slippers. They were constantly afraid of associating with vulgar people. While taking lunch an accomplished young lady from Boston ventured to ask: "Oh, Miss Kean, are you related to Charles Kean the actor?" Miss Kean turned her head in a contemptuous pasm, looked at the poor unfortunate Boston authoress scornfully from head to foot, and then remarked: "No, Miss Adams. We don't know any low people. Them Keans is not in our set."

I WALK THE SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALLIE.

I walk the glist'ning shore,
The waves o'erlapping in an eager fray,
Kissing my wayward footsteps as I stray;
I speak thy name, scarce knowing what I say,
And night is dark—and nothing more.

I walk the beachy shore,
The night bright-glittered with unnumbered spheres,
The still air broken by my uttered fears.
I call thy name—if echo kindly hears
It fails reply—and nothing more.

I walk the stranded shore,
Watch billows which bore ye so far away.
Time of night, O endless day!
To view the mad sea's dashing spray
Fall at my feet—and nothing more.

I walk the sea girt shore;
The dazzling moon dispels a flood of light;
Far o'er the giant waves the bright
Sheen of splendor—O bewitching night!
Yet time is mournful—and nothing more.

I walk the weed-cast shore;
A perfume steals o'er sense, o'er mind,
Dispelled from unseen censers in the wind,
To bid my soul leave worldly thought behind
And mount the stars—oh, evermore.

I walk the flood-walk shore;
And, while the waves come tumbling on the strand,
I doubt my eye her form shall e'er command.
O future time! oh, were ye but at hand,
I'd joy, I'd joy—oh, evermore.

I walk the pebbly shore,
Commune with spirits in the ambient air,
A soul despondent in the world's despair,
Who breathes a name which night will only bear
A brief, sad moment—then nevermore.

DOUBTFUL PRAISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

We had been talking about the relative merits of some of our actors, when I happened to mention Hobbs' name.

"Now, there is a leading man for you!" exclaimed the seedy critic enthusiastically. "Talk about your Armands and Claude Melnottes—there never was a man on the boards who could come anywhere near Hobbs in characters of that kind. He is so manly, so natural, and so thoroughly artistic."

"I am glad you appreciate Hobbs," said I, "for he has always been a favorite of mine."

"Appreciate him?" rejoined the seedy critic. "I guess I do! I regard him as simply perfect. To be sure he never has his lines committed, and he murders the text horribly, and he stalks about the stage like a lame bull, and he makes love as though he had a frog in his throat and was trying to throw it up, and ——. But why should I enumerate these minor failings? Appreciate Hobbs? I think I do!"

I thought he did myself.

"But how about Smith?" I suggested, hoping to hit upon someone who should meet with unqualified praise.

"There," said the seedy critic, "now you are talking! Isn't Smith wonderful, isn't he grand, isn't he, sir, without a peer upon the stage?"

I replied that I certainly thought Smith was an excellent actor.

"You are too moderate—too moderate!" exclaimed my friend rapturously. "Excellent is not the proper word to use when speaking of Smith. We should say that he is superlative. Have you ever seen him in Sir Oliver?"

"Frequently," I replied.

"Then you have seen one of the most delicious bits of acting in the world. What a thorough artist Smith is! To be sure, when he laughs he makes you think of a man with the cholera-morbus, and his voice bears a striking resemblance to a horse-fiddle, and his positions on the stage are about as graceful as a hippopotamus with a lame foot, and his comprehension of the text is what may be expected in a man whose early life was passed in serving out clam-soup at a cheap restaurant, and——but what are these things in comparison to Smith's overmastering genius. Nothing, sir—absolutely nothing!"

After this, I hesitated a good deal before broaching

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

PLAYER, Evansville.—"1. If a player misses a ball that gives a runner a base, is it an error? 2. When a catcher misses the third strike, but throws the ball to first in time to get the runner out, is it an error for him in missing third strike? 3. Is it an error for a fielder not to reach a fly that he could easily get?".....1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes; a fielding error is made every time the fielder has a fair chance offered him to catch an opponent out, to throw him out, to touch him while off a base, or to hold or field an thrown or batted ball to him to put out any opponent, as it fails to catch, throw or field such ball.

S. B. H., Baltimore.—1. The first thing to be done is to consult the Member of Congress from your district, as you cannot enter West Point without his recommendation. 2. A whitened stick to cleanse them in fine first place, and then a thread and perfumed charcoal pulverized, and free from any substance that will scratch to keep them clean. 3. Raised at top and bottom, for ingress and egress of air. How far it should be raised depends as much upon the size of the room as upon the outside temperature.

HOLAIR, Lowell.—"In a game of baseball, the man at the bat hits the ball up in the air. The ball strikes about two feet in front of the home plate, and is caught on the rebound on foul ground. The umpire decides the striker out on foul bound. Is the decision correct?".....The ball was a fair ball. It would have been foul had it struck the ground fair direct from the bat, and then rebounded foul. But as it was it did not direct to the ground, it ceases to come under the exceptions to the rule.

H. M. F., Boston.—"Man on first base starts for second, striker hits a foul, ball is thrown to pitcher, and as the runner is walking slowly back to first base, pitcher passes the ball to first-baseman, who touches the runner off his base, and he is decided out for not running back on the foul. Was the runner out?".....No. Sec. II of Rule VI says that any player running bases on a foul ball not caught on the fly shall return to the base he left "*without delay and put out.*" This governs the point.

MUSGCUS, Middletown.—A large plate of glass is placed upon the stage at a certain angle; in front of it an orifice is made in the floor of the stage, and beneath is a platform, painted black and inclined at the same angle as the glass is. It is a person leans against the platform, and the rays of a calcium light are thrown upon his or her light are they will reflect the figure so that the person seems to be standing on the stage.

M. W. J., Washington was called "General" because he was one in the same sense that a brigadier-general is one. 2. Grant was the first person to hold the rank of General in the U. S. army. That rank is a creation of modern times. Washington was Lieutenant-General, and the act of Congress was revived to make Grant that before he became General.

J. G., Brooklyne.—John Biglin's record as an oarsman is decidedly better than Reagan's, he having rowed a far greater number of races, against better men than Reagan has encountered, and won more championships both in sculling and crew contests. Biglin has been rowing for nearly twenty years, and there's plenty in him yet.

T. C. D., Winthrop.—For years past the captain of a baseball nine has had the right to place his men in the field where he thought they could do the most service in putting batsmen out. Of course he had a right to place two catchers behind the bat, or put four men in the outfield. You were wrong.

CHARLEY, Bolivar.—"A, who is at the bat, strikes a fair ball to pitcher, who holds it, and immediately crosses the line between A and first base without touching A. Is A out?".....Certainly not. The ball must be held on first, or the runner be touched.

GREENY, Philadelphia.—1. Publishers cannot be held responsible for the nonfulfillment of contract on the part of advertisers. 2. Write to them again, and, if no satisfactory answer is received, report the matter to the Postoffice authorities, who have the power to stop their letters and prosecute them if they make illegal uses of the mail.

C. T. B., Susquehanna.—If you will send us notice of the performances when they take place, so that an item concerning them can appear in the next subsequent issue of THE CLIPPER, we will cheerfully do so. We do not care for news after the event has transpired.

T. J. D.—George Rignold made his American debut in Booth's Theatre, in this city, Feb. 8, 1875, acting the title-character in "Henry V." He has never fulfilled a professional engagement at any other theatre in this city, although he has acted in others for benefits.

S. F. F., St. Joseph.—1. Both plays have been translated into English and performed in this country. We do not remember their titles. 2. Unless you have some reputation as a dramatic author, you will find it very difficult to dispose of MS. plays. 3. Go where there is a market.

BASEBALL, Syracuse.—All the bets were decided except the last. As to that, Hatfield has made the longest recorded throw of a baseball. If you have not time to look at the score, send it to us. We have no time to hunt it up when we know you have it.

VARIETY, Newburg.—1. Yes; to Harry Clifford. 2. To carry out the instructions of the principal agent. A programmer simply distributes bills. 3. $3.60 for eight insertions. 4. Serio-comics, about $30 per week. Ballet-girls, from $12 to $15 per week.

JOCKEY, Lexington.—1. Forerunner was second to Kisber last year for the Derby. Mr. Sanford did not have a horse in the race last year. 2. The Doncaster St. Leger will be run September 12. 3. The smallest number of starters for Derby was in 1791, when only four ran.

A MUSICIAN, Buffalo.—1. When the player called sixty-six, the round was ended. Neither could count anything by playing out the cards. 2 He must always deal the cards in the one way. He cannot deal one at a time now, and two by-and-bye.

J. F. M., Indianapolis.—If the game was a "draw" because of mutual abandonment, both bets are off. If the umpire called the game because of rain or darkness, the bet was not a draw for the purpose of these bets, and A loses the first and C wins the second.

J. R. N., Keene.—1. The five of trumps not having been led, D and A can both back their pairs of hearts and pick of trumps even though they have no other trump. 2. Having made the two he gave, B is carried out by his high.

A SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—Joe Coburn defeated Mike McCoole, for the championship of America and $2,000, in 67 rounds, 1 hour 10 minutes, at Charlestown, Md., May 5, 1863.

READER, Hudson.—John C. Heenan fought only three prize battles, as follows: With John Morrissey, in Canada, Oct. 20, 1858; with Tom Sayers, in England, April 17, 1860; and with Tom King, also in England, Dec. 10, 1863.

READER, City Clarinda, Boston.—The race not having been postponed to another day in a different week, and no difference having been made in the terms of the engagement for the crews, he who bet on Harvard won.

BASEBALL BOB, London.—1. We didn't know there was such a paper as that from which the extract is taken. 2. Stark is 5ft. 9in., and he is a Brooklynite. 3. Barnes played in Rockford.

R. G., Gorner Allen.—"Supposing a ball to be struck to the outfield, and strike inside the foul-ball lines, and then bound to foul ground, passing inside of third base. What would you call it, fair or foul ball?".....Fair, of course.

AMATEUR, Houlton.—1. The rule in question is only applicable in games between two League nines. 2. No baserunner can be put out in returning on a foul-ball not caught on the fly.

E. L., Hempstead.—1. You can dramatize any novel which does not contain in the certificate of copyright these words: "All rights reserved." 2. We know of no such play.

J. E. R., Indianapolis.—It is a draw if the game was abandoned by mutual consent of the two clubs. If it was called by the umpire because of rain or darkness, A loses.

ARCTIC, Cincinnati.—A loses unless the "draw," as he terms it, resulted as provided in the first sentence of answer to J. E. R., Indianapolis.

G. V. C., Flushing.—We have not heard of the death of Johnny Williams, the clog-dancer. We do not give instruction in either song and dance or clog dancing.

BANER, Cincinnati.—1. Not all. 2. Actors must furnish their own wardrobes. 3. There is no such book. 4. No.

OCCIDENT G. R.—1. Apply to some variety manager in Boston, show him what you can do, and solicit an engagement. 2. No.

KATIE MCDONALD.—There is a party of that name connected with a museum that is now giving exhibitions in Chatham square, this city.

NO SIGNATURE, Detroit.—1. The presumption is that what the judges did was correct. They best know the circumstances. 2. It was never in this paper.

R AND J., Pittsburg.—A loses. The eighth inning was not played simply because the club at bat quite refused to play it. He is bound by the action of that club.

M. W. C.—Onward, Aldebaran, and James A. Conolly ran together in a two-mile heat race Oct. 2, 1867, Onward winning, Aldebaran second.

A. H. D., Honesdale.—There are at least five trotting horses of the name of Honest John. Which of them do you mean?

H. P. J., Memphis.—1. Nov. 21, 1874. 2. Joe Daniels broke down in 1873. 3. Nov. 10 to 21, 1873. 4. Tom Ochiltree.

S. E. M., Tremont.—1. It would have been better to have had the party arrested when his fraudulent operations were first discovered. 2. We know of no such game.

BUTCHER AND TINKER, Carrollton.—1. The highest euchre card, which is jack. 2. About twenty-five years, with this paper.

O. L. S., Johnsville.—In some places it is one card, in others it is another. It is a matter of fancy, like the "game" itself.

J. W. B., Hartsford.—Having closed the game, the third man, if the dealer wishes to draw, must take up the dummy. The second man can also draw from it.

CLIPPER FRIENDS, Whitehall.—8 loses. The ace is high in poker. It may be either high or low when straights are played; but R. did not specify that.

BEN FRANKLIN, Frankford.—Worthington loses. The card falling 2, 4, 3, 1, 2, the player of the last deuce made a run of four.

JAS. KELLY.—We do not think the party to whom you refer is the simple pure Austrian Kelly who for some years past has resided in New Jersey. He is alive.

J. A. D., Cleveland.—The three throwers of 41 win the second and third prizes among them. They can either throw off or buy and sell.

CHAS. ALLEN, Port Benton.—Wm. Poole was fatally shot in Stanwix Hall, this city, Feb. 25, 1855, and died March 8 following.

ATHLETE, Leon.—1. The time of no mile was made by Ten Broeck in his four-mile race is a record. 2. No; he wins, ordinarily. 3. We do not know his weight or height.

J. MCC., San Francisco.—Your letter failed to reach us. We have received no intelligence of the death of Charles McCarthy, comedian.

J. J.—The "Coming Fourth," not coming forth soon enough to be made available at the proper time, is omitted.

OMAHA.—Our list of fairs will be published early in September next. We cannot state the precise number of THE CLIPPER in which it will appear.

C. H., Carlstadt.—1. Charles A. Dana was Assistant Secretary of War. 2. That player leads who is next on the dealer's left, no matter who makes the trump.

J. J. C., Bath.—No answers by mail. Dr. James L. Thayer's circus has collapsed.

B., Chicago.—She is married, and has retired from the stage. We never publish the private residences of ladies.

DECLINED.—"I'll Love No More," "Mother, I've Not Got Long to Live," "The Wanton Woodland Bell."

HONOR, Boston.—It is a skunk. The honors were valueless.

BOSTON.—The first steamer to cross the Atlantic went from America to England.

J. G. L., Baltimore.—1. B goes out on his low. C loses. 2. It set back two.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—2:14 is Goldsmith Maid's best record.

CONSTANT READER, Haverhill.—You could not rightfully so small a sum pair your subscription.

J. C. FELL, Geneseo.—Thanks for attention. The reports will be acceptable.

INQUIRER, Ipswich.—You will find your question answered in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

LOUIS MUCHOR, Paw Paw.—Send to E. Waters & Son, Troy, N. Y., for a circular.

F. F. J., St. Louis.—Letters addressed in care of this office will be likely to reach him at all times.

LAFAYETTE, Philadelphia.—The bet is void. Action had to take place after it was made, to bind it.

D. S., Baltimore.—It is scarcely up to the mark for publication.

B. W., San Francisco.—No answers by mail. Schumann's Combination, we believe, is still in South America.

M. A.—We have received no information of the drowning of Collins and Keefe.

AK OTT, Detroit.—Four sixes beat four aces at poker dice.

PRENTICE CLUB, Louisville.—Not having been offered anything for his sell, it could not be set back.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS, Kankakee.—High, low, jack, game, sanctio, pedro.

CONSTANT READER, Chelsea.—We never heard of a drama entitled "Aspiration."

W. S. K., Nelsonville.—Indianapolis never had a League club.

CONSTANT READER.—Barnes has been sick with an attack of intermittent fever. He is now convalescent.

MAUD SEYMER, Boston.—Stray dogs in Philadelphia are put to death by being smothered.

BONE-PLAYER, Monongahela City.—No manager would engage a boy of your age for such a position.

P. W. E., Sew Yeark.—Herrmann the magician is in either Mexico or South America.

E. C., Ashton.—The length of the Great Eastern is 692ft.

T. R.—"Don Carlos" was produced first in Paris, and then London, during the season of 1867.

NIPPER, Pittsburg.—The game not having been played, the bet is void.

P. L., Philadelphia.—White is not one of the primitive colors.

MONEY, Terre Haute.—Address Scott Brothers, Fulton street, near Broadway, this city, for their price-list.

T. H. AND G. D., Wheeling.—We do not know what Russia paid for the cannon.

J. GRANDJEAN.—Yes; at 70 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

F. J. K., Fort Larned.—There is no settled practice. That should have been agreed upon before beginning play.

J. J., Rock Island.—Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester and Utica.

STEWART, Grand Rapids.—Sixes are high at poker-dice.

R. W. H., Omaha.—9 wins, because it is each Weaver's.

SOLDIER HOME, Washington.—B takes second prize.

P. F. KEIL.—Your card costs $6.34 for three months.

E. L. S., Cleveland.—Two or more make a team.

SUBSCRIBER, Ontario.—Do not know his age.

H. AND F., Sherman.—Five wixes, of course.

A READER, Providence.—In Brooklyn, L. I.

A. R.—1. Cannot say. 2. 60 cents. 3. No.

T. J. R., Boston.—Consult a physician.

67, JOSEPH.—The Hayes bettor wins.

H. C. O., Quincy.—Aug. 23 and 25.

P. J. GRUNER.—Out of print.

H. W., Sims.—About $2,000.

C. P.—You won.

INDIANAPOLIS.—If the clubs agreed to abandon the game, the bet is a draw.

J. N. M., St. John.—Such a bet is held to mean second money or better, there being three starters. You win.

LEOPOLD.—You can have letters addressed to your postoffice box under a fictitious name.

M. F., Harriston.—A wins.

D. D., Syracuse.—A loses.

L. S.—It will appear.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

However much the fact is to be deplored, it must nevertheless be admitted that the jealousies which exist among the members of the theatrical profession are often intense, and sometimes bitter. From the earliest history of the stage down to the present time, instances are recorded wherein this element of jealousy makes itself conspicuous in the characters of actors. A class of people in the main so generous and so charitable ought to be free from this fault. They ought to be as quick to acknowledge merit in others as to claim it in themselves.

We are led to the belief that theatrical jealousy is the result, in no small degree, of the traditions of the profession. The actor of today finds that the actor of a hundred years ago belittled his rivals, and so he does the same. The stage has always been conservative. Where this conservatism is beneficial, it should be preserved; where it is injurious, it should be thrown aside. A man need never hesitate to depart from a beaten track if he is sure that he can strike out into a better course than the old one. For this reason no actor need fear that, by recognizing the ability of others, he will in any degree lessen his own chances of success. On the other hand, praise is very apt to beget praise, and he who speaks highly of his associates will be pretty certain to find his own merits receiving their just appreciation. It is with the stage as with all other professions—its followers are benefited most when the vocation itself is honored. The cobbler who is forever asserting that he is the only man alive who can make a pair of shoes as they should be made brings into painful prominence the degraded condition of the shoemaker's trade. The tragedian who believes that he alone can properly impersonate Hamlet, gives us to understand that tragedy has had no worthy delineator during the past three hundred years.

Nothing is so discouraging to the young man or woman who is just starting in a theatric career as to find that the path of progress is clogged by the petty jealousies of the profession. At best, the beginner finds the path which leads to stage honors no bed of roses. If he does faithfully and well the work which is given him to do, he deserves to have his efforts recognized. A word of encouragement from those who have already passed their apprenticeship and won distinction may be of incalculable benefit to him. Macready has put on record how much of cheer he derived from the few kind words which Mrs. Siddons spoke to him while he was yet on the lowest round of the ladder, and she on the highest. Such instances as these ought to be multiplied in the present day. The star shines not a whit less brightly because he deigns to speak encouragingly to the utility. There was a time, no doubt, in the career of this very star himself, when a word of praise would have cheered and comforted him beyond measure. Remembering this, let him throw a ray of sunshine into the life of his humbler associate. We make no plea for fulsome flattery, which is as injurious in the theatric as it is in all other arts; but we would impress it upon the actor's mind that a generous recognition of the good qualities of others is something which will never injure any man. You do not raise yourself by seeking to traduce others. All actors are obliged to rest their claims to distinction upon the decision of the public. Before this common tribunal appear the good and the bad, and their fate is decided solely upon individual merit. Nothing can be more widely known than the reputation of an actor. Hence, it is absurd for him to attempt to establish or alter that reputation by self-praise or bombast. Still more absurd is it for him to attempt to strip another of the honors which that other has won. If Doe is a better actor than Roe, the world will discover the fact in its own good time. All that Doe has to do is to keep on performing his work well, leaving others to perform theirs as they see fit. The moment he undertakes to tell how much superior he is to Roe, the public will begin to suspect that his superiority is of that peculiar kind which needs to be pointed out by the one possessing it. And that is sometimes called inferiority.

It would be as unjust as ungenerous to say that professional jealousy is confined to the stage. It crops out in every calling, and its rank leaves ought to be plucked up by the roots. There is room enough in this world for merit, in whatever shape it may show itself. No vocation is so overcrowded but that the deserving may find a foothold in its ranks. And it may be set down as a rule without exceptions that neither on the stage nor off of it did any man ever attain to honorable distinction by seeking to blacken the fair fame of others.

THE TURKO-RUSSIAN WAR is making some sort of headway, but in what direction the "latest reports" fail to enlighten us. To-day we have got the Russians across the Danube, in strong force and well intrenched; to-morrow we may behold them floundering back again, disgusted at the unaccountable manner in which the Turks discuss their side of the question. It is probable that we may get some clear idea of the situation between now and Christmas, should both sides persist in their determination to wipe each other out. It is thoughtlessly given out that quite a large number of men have been unnecessarily destroyed in this religious war, and we have come to the conclusion that, in order to prevent further cruelty, the Young Men's Christian Association had better send a few missionaries to the seat of war, and try by arguments what they can do in the cause of peace. Our Christian friends should certainly enlarge their field of operations, and endeavor to allay the bad feeling now existing between Russians and Turks.

THOSE PAPERS which have been seeking to crush the spirits of the small boy, by depriving him of his fire-crackers and other pyrotechnic auxiliaries, affect to believe that their position has been made stronger and the small boy's weaker just because three or four urchins were killed and a few dozen wounded on the Fourth of July. Such an argument against the future use of the cracker amounts to nothing at all. More than thirty years ago a party of naval officers and prominent Government officials were firing off a big gun on board the U. S. steamer Princeton, when a premature explosion took place, killing several and wounding others. Yet firing off guns has been going on ever since, and will continue to go on so long as the powder holds out. Now, let the small boy and his cracker alone.

THE PROCLAMATION of the Mayor having notified the small boy that the Fourth of July was at hand, he at once began to lay in his crackers, just as if there never had been any ordinance against the discharge of such ordnance; and when the day arrived he just made things howl with his gold-chops and his mountain howitzers and his mammoth torpedoes. Had not the appropriation run out, the small boy would have stuck to it to the bitter end. The boys should tender a vote of thanks to Mayor Ely for his timely notice.

A NUMBER of actors and actresses have gone to Europe to study the manners and customs of foreigners, prior to the opening of the next season. In a short time a large number of English professionals will visit this country, for the purpose of studying our peculiarities. These interchanges of professional courtesies "serve to cement the bonds of friendship existing between the two countries." Let us do all we can to encourage and cherish these social relations.

THOSE HARD DRINKERS who signed the pledge, got hot breakfasts, new suits of store-clothes with a little spending-money in the pockets, all through the kindness of Francis Murphy, the apostle of temperance, and then went back on their pledges, must be a very ungrateful sort of people. It is said that they follow the temperance advocate from city to city, and come the same game over him in each; but we think there must be some mistake in such reports.

"YE who have tears to shed" prepare to shed them next season, when several of our theatrical friends contemplate making farewell tours.

A PROPER EPITAPH for a rifle-shooter would be: "At Rest."

SINCE the last clambake we assisted at, we have had nothing else to give us such sweet enjoyment as the report that the pipe of peace is to be smoked by our dear friends Beecher, Tilton and Moulton. It is said that they intend to bury the little hatchet so deep that neither one, unassisted by the other parties to this agreement, can dig it up. It is likewise said that the entire household of the parties to the tripartite contract are to be gathered into the fold again. "Oh, that'll be joyful!"

LOOK OUT!—They are putting to death all unnecessary dogs found running loose in this city without any visible means of support. It is a well-known fact that vegetables and pork-and-beans can be preserved so as to be just as fresh as new when the season ends. What we wish to direct your attention to is the fact that there are men in our midst just mean enough to buy up these deceased dogs, and can them for future use. We have spoken!

WOODSTOCK'S LITTLE GAME.—We should not be at all surprised if that Fourth-of-July conclave at Woodstock, Ct., was gotten up by Brother Bowen in the interests of President Hayes, with James Blaine and ex-Governor Chamberlain as sidepartners. It is evident that, having taken this new departure, our Independent brother is no longer a Bowen of contention in the Tilton-Beecher Graeco-Roman wrestling-match.

A CANADIAN baseball-player is very severe on us because we fail to do justice to his club, and he threatens to "stop the paper" unless we do better in the future. Should this Canadian desperado seek to carry out his insane threat, we shall request Secretary-of-state Evarts to "write him a letter" from the home base. In the sportive language of the lambs, "Now let him put up or shut up."

THE KIRALFY BROTHERS have our deepest sympathies in the misfortune that has overtaken them in their efforts to establish a new Summer Garden and Theatre in Philadelphia. The Kiralfys are liberal, industrious, energetic in all they undertake, and it is through no fault of theirs that they have lost possession of their Alhambra Palace in Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT!—From what we have been given to understand, a true British tailor differs from Parliament insofar as the one has a *pair of shears*, while the other has a *share of peers!*

THE PAN PRESBYTERIANS held their council in hot weather so as to accustom themselves to the heat in case they should, in the uncertain future, get out of the pan into the fire!

NOW THAT we have got through with the "Glorious Fourth," what comes next—Washington's birthday or Thanksgiving? Let's start her at once, whatever it is!

THE MAN who puts a five-cent-piece in the gospel-purse and takes out four cents change is going his lonely rounds among the churches.

THIS would be a good time to have a game of baseball on ice.

THOUGH the ex-President's real-estate may not be "grants of land," it certainly is *land of Grant's!*

HOT CORN is out—"only five cents a year, with salt and butter."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 2: It was reported that a mob took James Smith, Andrew Cummings, J. D. Gibbs, and a man named Kirk from jail at Mount Vernon, Ky., and hanged them.....By the explosion of the boiler of the steamer Red Wing, en route from Dallas, Ill., to St. Louis, William Morgan, Isaac Myers, and Edward Weany lost their lives. The ship Gen. Meigs, from New Orleans, La., for Grimsby, was burned on the Atlantic Ocean, causing a loss of $250,000.....Michael Berrigan of this city died from the effects of a blow with a club in the hands of Thomas Monaghan.....Cable news: Russian troops entered Tirnova, the Bulgarian capital. Senor Zorilla was arrested in Barcelona, Spain, for speaking in favor of treason against the Government. Gen. Grant visited the British Houses of Parliament. The Turks were repulsed in a sortie at Kars. Henry Perreau, alias De Tourville, an English barrister, who murdered his wife in the Tyrol, has been sentenced to death at Botzen, Austria.....Several persons were killed by a tornado in Central Indiana.....Mrs. Mary A. Hall committed suicide by jumping from a window in this city.

*** July 3: Mrs. Minnie Getsinger committed suicide with a razor at Chicago, Ill.....At the same place, Charles Mathiessen fatally stabbed Henry Boemer.....Gov. Hartranft issued a warrant for the execution of Allen C. Laros on Sept. 10 in Northampton Co., Pa.....It was reported that on the 24, at Tamaroa, Ill., in attempting to prevent the arrest of Lije and Barney Dyer, Charles Winthrop was shot dead, and Henry Winthrop was mortally wounded.....During a storm in Indiana, the house of Mr. Barney, near Laporte, was blown down, four persons perishing.....Fletcher was killed at Clinton, and a man named McClintock lost his life by a lightning-stroke at Waterford.....It was stated that while the steamer Queen Victoria was on her way from Montreal to Ottawa, Canada, on the 2d, ex-Papal Zouaves on board hauled down the British ensign and raised the Papal colors. The captain pulled them down and hoisted the union jack, when he was assaulted by the Zouaves, and but for some priests would have been thrown overboard.....Cable news: The French man-of-war Reine Blanche was accidentally sunk off the Hyeres Islands by the French ironclad Magenta. Nobody lost. Twenty-two persons were drowned and great damage done to property by inundations in the province of Murcia, Spain. Senor Zorilla and other Spaniards implicated in the plot against the Spanish and French Governments will be expelled from France. H. Clasen & Co., merchants in Mobile, Liverpool and Stuttgart, have failed; liabilities $500,000. A deputation of workingmen representing about one million Englishmen presented to Gen. Grant an address welcoming him to England. In reply, the ex-President made his longest speech.....Fires: A block of warehouses at Bradford, Eng.—loss $500,000, partially insured. A. F. Cox & Son's brick block, Portland, Me.—loss $13,000, covered by insurance; Captain William Shelley's saw-mill and cheese-box factory, at North Wilna, N. Y.—loss $5,000, insured for $2,000.....George Gallagher was killed by falling walls at St. John, N. B.....At Hagerstown, Md., Jacob Gardner and J. W. Grove, charged with having murdered Rev. J. M. Friday of Harper's Ferry, were committed to await the action of the grand-jury.

*** July 4: At the Fourth-of-July celebration at Woodstock, Ct., Hon. James Blaine and ex-Governor Chamberlain made speeches—Cocking President Hayes' policy.....In the Kingston, N. Y., jail, Keeper James D. McIntyre shot and killed William Legg, who had attacked him.....Mrs. Rossiter and one child, Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary of Winchester and a child, and Mr. Kinney were drowned in the Aberjona River, Woburn, Mass.....Mrs. Margaret Broderick of this city committed suicide with Paris green.....At Philadelphia, George Igo, aged 6 years, was deliberately shot dead by Edward Dean, aged 13; and Wm. Russer, aged 10, was accidentally shot and killed by Wilfred Osbourne, who had been shooting at a target with a skater of deceased.....Cable news: Americans in London and Paris duly observed "the Fourth." Heavy losses were reported to have been sustained by the Russians in Armenia, the centre and left wing having fallen back. The Muhtar Pashas to reopen communication with Kars, which the Russians had invested. Dr. Stroudsberg, the railway speculator, had been released from prison in Russia, but was detained under supervision until the sentence of banishment can be carried out. The Countess Lauretta Lambertini, who asserts that she is a natural daughter of the late Cardinal Antonelli, had begun an action claiming back value of his property, which is estimated at many millions of francs. All the available troops in Constantinople, including the Imperial Guard, have been ordered to the seat of war. The Russian Telegraph Agency stated that the British fleet has got to Besika Bay for fear of disorders at Constantinople.....Crump's label manufactory, having a capacity of over 100,000,000 labels per month, was destroyed by fire—loss, $200,000.

*** July 5: President Hayes and Secretary Evarts declared that the Government has no intention of annexing Mexico.....Work on the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge was commenced.....A battle with the Northwestern Indians was vaguely reported.....At Crown Point, Ill., James Wilder, charged with the murder of Andrew Brown, was taken by an infuriated mob from the custody of Sheriff Bundy, and hanged.....A passenger-train was wrecked through the washing-away of a culvert at Galion, O. Engineer Wm. L. Needham, who jumped from the train, was the only person killed.....A tornado caused the destruction of $30,000 worth of property in Berks County, Pa.....In a fight between horse-thieves and a sheriff's posse in Arkansas, one of the latter, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, was killed. The murderer was riddled with buckshot.....“Cud” Wagner of Forman, Ill., was murdered by a man named Burklow.....Cable news: Russian troops continue to cross the Danube in large numbers, and claim to have control of the Dobrudscha as far as Trajan's Wall. The intention of the Porte to reduce Montenegro to the condition of a Turkish province was frustrated by the Russian invasion, which caused the withdrawal of the Turks from the principality. Gen. Grant left Folkestone, Eng., for Ostend, Belgium, having previously been presented with an address by the Mayor and corporation. The municipality of Paris, France, resolved to ask for legislation permitting cremation. Gen. Mellikoff will be removed from the command of the Russian troops in Armenia.....It was stated that on the 4th the ocean steamers Elphinstone and Redewater collided near the Isle of Therese, in the St. Lawrence River, both sinking. Total loss, $300,000.....At Kingston Hill, R. I., Walter Waite was killed, and Charles Aldrich and Lum Rhodes were seriously injured, by the premature explosion of a dynamite gun.....Alphonse Thayer and Wm. Leroy were drowned in Penobscott Bay, Me., their boat being capsized by a sword-fish.....Herman Frey was killed on the railroad at Wilkesbarre, Pa.....Fires: Moses Varney & Co.'s steam-tannery, at Westboro, N. H.—loss $25,000; the press-room of *The Providence* (R. I.) *Press*—loss $7,000; the hull of a schooner at Stevenson's shipyard, Philadelphia—loss $9,000; J. W. Bacon's grocery, at Brooklyn, L. I.—loss $3,000.

*** July 6: Jack Thompson, colored, was hanged at La Grange, Ga., for killing two negro children.....A hailstorm swept over Watertown, N. Y., doing $30,000 worth of damage.....During a storm at Meadville, Pa., Geo. W. Miller was killed by lightning, and near McKean, Pa., a barn was blown down, and Mary Koch killed.....W. M. Tweed offered to refer questions of his good faith and the value of his testimony to Charles O'Conor.....At Danville, Va., Col. Daniel Deckhart, editor of *The Border Express*, was cowhided by A. P. Whitfield.....Hugh Blair fatally stabbed his wife, Margaret, in this city, during a quarrel about religion.....At Cookeville, Tenn., George and James Broswell were sentenced to be hanged Aug. 7 for the murder of Russell Allison and a revenue collector.....George H. Swift, aged 42, committed suicide in St. Luke's Hospital, this city.....At Harrisburg, Pa., C. A. Reese, convicted of murder in the second degree, was sentenced to ten years in prison and to pay a fine of $500.

*** July 7: Suicides in this city—George A. Jeffries, by taking laudanum; Ernest Richter, by shooting; and Louis Krone.....At Toronto, Ont., Frank Meeker was committed for trial for the murder of Joseph Dain, Mayor of Yorkville.....Pleasant Stanley, aged seventy, was murdered in bed at Greensburg, Ind., by unknown persons, whose object was robbery.....Marx Erlanger of Baltimore, Md., was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for forgery.....Detmiller & Welsh, owners of the Market-street Flour-mills, Philadelphia, suspended.....John Cooney was struck by lightning and instantly killed near Stanhope, N. J.....Willis Beard and Williard Eastman were drowned in London, N. H.....Foreign news: The insurgent chief Morejon, who was taken prisoner, has been shot in Remedios, Cuba. John Oldroyd, carpet-manufacturer of Huddersfield and Newbury, Eng., has failed; liabilities, $1,350,000. The Spanish Cortes has adopted a Copyright Bill, whereby subjects of States whose legislation in regard to literary matters is similar to Spain's will have in Spain the same rights as Spanish subjects.....Fires: D. S. Barmore's sawmill, at Jeffersonville, Ind.—loss $30,000, uninsured; Hodge's machine-shop, at North Adams, Mass.—loss $20,000, insurance $8,000.

*** July 8: It was reported that on the 1st the United States troops under Colonel Whipple, with some citizens from Mount Idaho, surprised the hostile chief Looking Glass and his band on Clear Creek. Seventeen warriors were killed; no loss to the attacking party.....At Portsmouth, N. H., Wm. Daly, an English sailor, was stabbed to death by E. L. Hawkins, who claims to have acted in self-defense.....H. J. Smalley of Moline, Ill., shot and killed his brother, Andrew, near McPherson, Neb.....Eugene Forgorosy, a Hungarian, aged 22, committed suicide in this city.....Daniel Gillies and Daniel Lynch, residing here, were drowned while bathing.....Cable news: The report that the Turks had decided to abandon Montenegro was confirmed; their losses during the campaign there were enormous. The Russian Consulate was destroyed during the bombardment of Rustchuk. The Czar will cross the Danube, and see as much of the war as possible. The Austrian Government has reopened the harbor of Klek to Turkish provisioning columns. The bombardment of Kars was continuous and unceasing. The Porte published a protest accusing the Russians of horrible atrocities in Asia and Europe. King Leopold gave a State dinner in honor of Gen. Grant at Brussels, Belgium. 15,000 soldiers will sail from Spain for Cuba in August.....Fires: William Shaw's bark-extract works, at Houlton, Me.—loss $10,000, partially insured; the Planter's House, at Carbondale, Ill.—loss $9,500, insured for $3,300.....The body of a man who shot himself in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 7th, was identified as that of Frank Stander.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANGELIS, Cardinal Philippe de—Born at Ascoli, Italy, April 16, 1792, and was made a Cardinal of the Order of Priests July 8, 1839. On Jan. 28, 1842, he became Archbishop of Ferule—Rome, Italy, about July 7, aged 85.

BRAHAM, Joseph—Musician. (See City Summary)—this city, July 1, aged 50.

BRADY, Mary L.—Daughter of Alexander Brady, and Principal of Primary School No. 14—Williamsburg, N. Y., July 7.

BOYD, Mrs. Margaret—A native of County Derry, Ireland. She came to this country a widow thirty years ago—this city, July 5, aged 102 years 10 months 10 days.

BLAIR, Mrs. Francis Preston—Widow of Hon. F. P. Blair, and mother of Hon. Montgomery Blair. Suddenly—Silver Spring, Md., July 5.

BADGER, Dr. George—Son of the late Rev. Dr. Badger of this city. He went to the Isthmus of Panama about 1865, and was surgeon of the steamship Bienville when she was burned on her passage from this city to Aspinwall—the latter place, June 16.

BECHTEL, Col. John—Father of Dr. J. Y. Bechtel of Reading, Pa. He was a soldier of the War of 1812—Schwenksville, Montgomery County, Pa., July 5, aged about 84.

BROWN, David S.—An influential and honored resident of Philadelphia, whose industrial interests he advanced in many ways. He was at the head of the house of David S. Brown & Co., and at the time of his death was president of the Washington Manufacturing Company, the Gloucester Manufacturing Company, the Ancona Manufacturing Company, the Gloucester Gingham Company, the Gloucester Iron-works, the Gloucester Savings-bank and the Pennsylvania School of Design for Women. He had long been a patron of the Franklin Institute, the School of Design for Women, the Academy of the Fine Arts and the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was born at Dover, N. H., in July, 1800, was educated mainly at Salem, Mass., and in August of 1817 moved to Philadelphia and began business with his brothers, Jeremiah and Moses Brown. Before he was twenty-one years old, he went into the dry-goods commission for himself at 44 S. Front street—Philadelphia, July 6, aged 77.

COCHRANE, Senator A. B.—Formerly a Judge, and latterly prominent as a member of the Virginia Legislature, in which he represented Augusta County—Staunton, Va., July 2, of paralysis.

DE COUTO, Don Jose Ferrer—Born in Ferrol, Spain, June 14, 1821, and at an early age entered the Spanish Naval Academy. He never served in the navy, but spent seven years in the army. In 1860 he came to the United States, and in 1863 took charge of the Spanish paper of this city, *El Cronista*. He was editor and proprietor of it at his death. He fought a duel in Canada in 1870, and another in Belgium in 1875, which latter led to the premature announcement of his death—this city, July 3, aged 76.

DAVENPORT, Capt. James A.—Sandy Hook pilot—this city, July 4, aged 49.

EVANS, Lemuel D.—Had formerly represented Texas in Congress. He had been a Judge, and had also filled many other public positions—Washington, D. C., July 2, aged 63.

FRISBY, Mrs. Ann—Widow of Charles Frost, and an old resident of Queens County, N. Y.—Matinecock, L. I. Sound, July 4, aged 81.

GRIFFITH, Capt. Joseph E.—A graduate of West Point, and as an engineer connected of late with the survey of the lakes. During the Civil War he distinguished himself at Vicksburg, Miss. —Iowa City, Iowa, July 7, aged 36.

HAGUE, Mrs. Mary—A native of Philadelphia, and the mother of ten children, the eldest of whom, if living, would now be eighty years old. Her grandchildren have numbered 54, and her great-grandchildren 112. She was the daughter of an English sea-captain, who was lost at sea when she was but three months old, and she was the widow of Henry Hague, a ship-caulker, who lived to be eight-three years of age. The yellow-fever, of which her mother and stepfather died, was the most serious illness of her lifetime—Philadelphia, July 5, aged 105.

HURLBURT, William W.—An old resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., where in 1864 he became a member of the Board of Education. Born in New London, Ct., in 1808.—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 2.

HUSTON, Louisa—Youngest daughter of the late Michael Connolly, better known as the Big Judge. About eighteen months ago she became the wife of John W. Healy. Of paralysis—this city, July 3.

HOPPER, Richard—Janitor of the German Theological Seminary, this city, for twenty years past here, July 5, aged 49.

HACKLÆNDER, Frederick William von—German traveler and author. Born at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, Nov. 1, 1816, and began his literary career at Stuttgart in 1841. He was the author of a number of comedies, in addition to his other works, the whole forming about seventy volumes—Munich, about July 5.

KELLY, William Bernard—Well known for forty years past as a book-publisher in Dublin, Ireland —there, about June 20, aged 60.

KANE, John Grenville—A lawyer, and formerly a Commissioner of Docks for this city. Latterly he was a Comm

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUB GAMES.

July 10, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 10, 11, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston.
July 12, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 12, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 13, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 14, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 14, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 16, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 17, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 18, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 18, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 19, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 20, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 21, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 21, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

July 10, Buckeye vs. Champion City, at Springfield, O.
July 10, Arlington vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie.
July 10, Active (deaf mute) vs. Americus, at Prospect Park.
July 10, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 10, Ft. Chelsea vs. Cricket, at Binghamton, N. Y.
July 11, Active (deaf mute) vs. Harry to wn, at Tarrytown.
July 11, Manchester vs. Erie, at Erie, Pa.
July 11, 12, Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Indianapolis.
July 11, 12, Evansville vs. Keokuse, at Evansville.
July 12, Buckeye vs. Star of Syracuse, at Columbus.
July 12, Buckeye vs. Syracuse Star, at Dayton.
July 12, Chelsea vs. Auburn, at Auburn, N. Y.
July 12, Crystal vs. Lafayette, at Capitoline Ground.
July 12, Milwaukee vs. Chicago, at Milwaukee.
July 12, Intermediate vs. Arlington, at Prospect Park.
July 13, Manchester vs. Allegheny, at Pittsburg.
July 13, 24 or 25, Star vs. Champion City, at Springfield, O.
July 13, Buckeye vs. Standard, at Columbus.
July 13, Chelsea vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 13, 14, Star of Syracuse vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 14, Orange vs. Alaska, at Orange, N. J.
July 14, Indianapolis vs. Eclipse, at Louisville.
July 14, Quickstep vs. Harlem, at Melrose.
July 14, Manchester vs. Standard, at Wheeling, W. Va.
July 14, Chelsea vs. Erie, at Buffalo, N. Y.
July 16, Quickstep vs. Wilson, at Melrose.
July 16, 17, Buckeye vs. Manchester, at Columbus.
July 16, 17, Star of Syracuse vs. Indianapolis, at Indianap.
July 16, 18, Red Caps vs. Racine, at St. Paul, Minn.
July 17, Orange vs. Crystal, at Orange.
July 17, Chelsea vs. Erie, at Erie, Pa.
July 17, Alaska vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie.
July 18, Chelsea vs. Hornells, at Hornellsville, N. Y.
July 18, 19, Indianapolis vs. Manchester, at Indianapolis.
July 19, Champion City vs. Buckeye, at Springfield, O.
July 19, 20, Star of Syracuse vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 19, 21, Red Caps vs. Evansville, St. Paul.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The first week's play of the second Western tour of the Boston and Hartford Clubs has not improved the position of either club, especially the Hartfords, who have thus far lost all four of the games they have played—two with St. Louis and two with the Louisvilles. The Boston nine offset their Chicago defeat with two victories over Cincinnati; but it is questionable whether the latter will be of any use to them, as it is uncertain yet whether they will be counted on the regular record as legal games. The League ought to hold a meeting at once to settle the status of the Cincinnati Club. At present the public do not know whether its games are merely exhibitions, or whether they are legal contests which are to be counted in the list of championship games; and the sooner the present mixed condition of things in the League arena is put a stop to by a definite statement from the Association in regard to the existing status of the new Cincinnati Club, and the counting of the games of the disbanded nine, the better for the interests and credit of the League. The record up to July 8, inclusive, is as follows:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Boston	10	7	3	.700
Louisville	10	6	4	.600
St. Louis	10	5	5	.500
Hartford	10	5	5	.500
Chicago	10	4	6	.400
Cincinnati	10	3	7	.300
Games lost		7	11	

The international championship record shows the Allegheny Club occupying first position, with the Rochesters second and the Tecumsehs third, the latter having fewer defeats than the Manchesters, which stand fourth on the list. The record itself is as follows:

	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Live Oak.	Manchester.	Maple Leaf.	Rochester.	Tecumseh.	Games lost.	Games won.	Per cent.
Allegheny		2	2	1	1	1	1	8	6	.429
Buckeye	0		4	0	1	1	0	6	7	.538
Live Oak	0	0		1	0	0	0	7	6	.462
Manchester	1	2	2		2	0	0	7	6	.462
Maple Leaf	1	1	0	0		2	0	7	6	.462
Rochester	1	1	0	1	0		0	7	6	.462
Tecumseh	0	2	0	2	2	1		7	6	.462
Games lost	4	18	9	4	9	4	1	41		

In the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, championship contests the Hudsons lead, with the Osceola Club second and the Nameless third, as will be seen by the appended table:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Hudson	11	8	3	.727
Osceola	9	6	3	.667
Nameless	10	6	4	.600
Witoka	11	6	5	.545
Putnam	10	4	6	.400
Winona	10	4	6	.400
Senecas	10	3	7	.300
Lafayette	10	3	7	.300
Borromeo	10	0	10	.000
Games Lost	11	4	7	

VOLUNTEER vs. BROOKLYN AND ATHLETIC.

The Volunteer Club of Poughkeepsie added to their reputation by victories over two of the most prominent clubs of this vicinity, Brooklyn and Athletic, defeating nine falling victims on July 2, and the Athletics of New York on the 4th. Scores follow:

BROOKLYN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Barlow, s. s.	0	0	0	2	0
Reilly, 3d b	1	0	2	6	4
Higgins, 1st b	0	0	15	2	3
McCabe, 2d b	0	0	2	1	1
Kelly, c.	0	1	4	0	1
Casey, c.	1	0	0	0	1
Britt, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Kerwin, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	1	27	13	11

VOLUNTEER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Lansing, lb.	1	0	3	1	0
Coulter, r.	2	0	1	0	0
Stod ard, 3b.	1	1	2	1	3
Lansing, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Schouten, 2d b.	0	0	1	6	0
Golden, c.	0	1	7	1	4
Wood'ard, l. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Cummins, 3d b	0	0	0	0	0
Riley, c. r. f.	0	0	10	1	2
Duffy, c. c. f.	0	1	4	2	0
Fogarty, lst b.	0	0	5	0	1
Butler, p., c. f.	0	1	2	4	1
Totals	4	5	42	18	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Volunteer	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4

Earned runs—Volunteer, 1. Two-base hits—Lansing, Golden, Wood'ard. Three-base hit—Lansing. Bases on balls—Off Britt, 1; off Butler, 1. Struck out—By Britt, 3; by Butler, 3. Passed balls—Golden, 1; Kelly, 1. Wild pitches—Britt, 1; Butler, 1. Time of game—1h. 45m. Umpire—Mr. Wm. Hall.

ATHLETIC.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hack, p.	1	0	1	6	0
Murphy, c.	1	0	3	8	3
Kelly, s. s.	0	0	1	3	2
Simmons, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0
Crotter, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Anderson, 2d b.	0	1	2	2	0
Welsh, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Rowan, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Acker, 3d b.	0	0	0	3	4
Totals	3	4	27	22	9

VOLUNTEER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Lansing, 1st b.	3	2	10	0	1
Coulter, r.	2	0	0	0	0
Schouten, 2d b.	0	1	6	0	0
Golden, c.	0	0	7	2	0
Lansing, s. s.	1	2	4	5	2
Schouten, 2d b.	0	1	6	0	0
Stod ard, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Wood'ard, l. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Riley, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Butler, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	6	8	36	11	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Volunteer	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6

Earned runs—Volunteer, 2. Two-base hits—Lansing, Golden, Wood'ard. Three-base hit—Lansing. Bases on balls—Off Hack, 2; off Butler, 2. Struck out—By Hack, 3; by Butler, 3. Passed balls—Murphy, 2. Wild pitches—Hack, 1; Butler, 1. Time of game—1h. 45m. Umpire—Mr. Wm. Hall.

ATHLETIC vs. BRANDYWINE.

The Brandywines of West Chester, Pa., visited Philadelphia on the 7th inst., and played the Athletics. Both nines were without their regular pitchers, and enlisted in their stead Stovey and McCartney of the Defiances of Philadelphia. The game was one-sided and uninteresting, the latter batting finely in the fifth and seventh innings for seven runs, eight of which were earned off eleven clean hits, including two-basers by Eggler, Reach and Fisler. The Brandywines only scored in one inning, three errors by McCartney, who commenced catching, and two good hits then giving three runs.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Egler, s. s.	5	2	2	0	1	0
Reach, r. f.	5	3	3	0	0	0
Coons, c.	5	2	3	5	1	1
Fisler, 1st b.	5	2	1	9	0	0
Meyerle, 3b.	5	0	0	2	2	0
Senseny, c. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Shetzline, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	6	0
McCarty, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	3
Lomas, p.	5	2	1	1	1	0
Totals	43	16	13	21	9	5

BRANDYWINE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Athletic	3	0	0	0	0	0
Brandywine	3	0	0	0	0	0

Runs earned—Athletic, 8. First-base by errors—Athletic, 11; Brandywine, 3. Double-plays—Eggler, Shetzline and Fisler; Meloskey, Taylor and Kitts, 1. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 50m.

LOWELL vs. LIVE OAK.

Loose play caused the easy defeat of the Live Oaks in a game played with the Lowells on the latter's grounds July 7.

LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	1	2	7	4	0
Whitney, 3b	1	0	0	1	0
Foley, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Sullivan, c.	1	0	3	1	0
Cummins, 3d b	0	0	0	0	0
Hawes, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Piggott, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Wright, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Knight, 1st b.	0	1	12	0	1
Totals	3	3	27	13	1

LIVE OAK.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b.	0	0	0	1	2
Allen, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0
Adams, l. f.	0	0	3	0	1
Leary, p., r. f.	0	1	2	3	0
Cummins, 3d b	0	0	0	0	0
Riley, c., r. f.	0	0	10	1	2
Duffy, c. f.	0	0	1	4	2
Fogarty, 1st b.	0	0	5	0	1
Butler, p., c. f.	0	1	2	4	1
Totals	0	2	24	16	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Lowell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Passed balls—Duffy, 4. Balls called—on Foley, 8; Leary, 6; Butler, 7. Strikes—off Foley, 2; Leary, 3; Butler, 10. First base on errors—Lowell, 5; Live Oak, 3. Left on bases—Lowell, 6; Live Oak, 4. Struck out—Sullivan, 1; Piggott, 1; Crane, 1; Hawes, 1; Knight, 2. Double plays—Crane and Knight, 1; Crane, Wright and Knight, 1; Whitney and Crane, 1. Time, 1h. 50m. Umpire, Mr. Summers of Boston.

* Wright out for running outside of lines.

ALASKA vs. DELAWARE.

On July 3 the Alaskas tackled the Delawares on their own stamping ground, at Port Jervis, N. Y., and scooped 'em as follows:

DELAWARE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Kelly, c.	0	3	10	1	2
Ingham, s. s.	0	0	1	0	1
Maroney, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	2
Lynch, 2d b.	1	2	5	1	2
Barrett, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Bohen, s. s.	0	1	1	4	0
Crane, 1st b.	0	1	7	0	0
Marchant, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Gilmartin, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	1	9	*26	10	8

ALASKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Shandley, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	0
Tracey, s. s.	0	0	0	1	0
R. Lynch, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	1
Quilty, c.	1	0	8	2	3
Troy, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
O'Neil, p.	0	0	2	6	0
Rice, 1st b.	0	1	7	0	0
Sullivan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Jolly, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	1	2	24	12	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Delaware	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Alaska	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	4

Bases on called balls—Delaware, 0; Alaska, 3. Balls called—on Ingram, 22; O'Neil, 8. Strikes called—off Ingram, 37; O'Neil, 24. Struck out—Delaware, 3; Alaska, 2. Runs earned—Delaware, 0; Alaska, 0. Left on bases—Delaware, 6; Alaska, 3. Umpire, John Meigans of Delaware Club. Time, 2h.

* Hankinson out for hindering ball.

MUTUAL vs. BEAVER.

A game was played for the junior championship at London, Canada, July 2, between the Beavers and Mutuals, resulting in the defeat of the two-year champions.

MUTUAL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Mountjoy, p.	0	1	1	2	2
Dunn, 1st b.	0	2	7	3	0
Tierney, 2d b.	2	1	3	2	2
Jeffery, 3d b.	1	2	3	2	1
Kelly, s. s.	2	2	1	3	2
Mummery, l. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Morrison, r. f.	0	2	0	0	1
Owens, c.	0	0	4	1	0
Steinhoff, c.	1	0	8	1	1
Totals	10	12	27	13	7

BEAVER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hunter, 2d b.	1	2	2	2	2
Arscott, p.	1	0	1	0	4
Phair, 1st b.	0	0	11	1	1
Quinn, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Philbrook, c.	0	0	1	9	2
Hill, s. s.	1	0	3	4	3
Campbell, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	2
McIntosh, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gordon, c. f.	0	1	0	1	4
Totals	3	5	27	16	15

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Mutual	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	1	—10
Beaver	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Double-plays—Mountjoy, Dunn and Jeffery, 1; Kelly and Tierney, 1; Kelly, Tierney and Dunn, 1; Phair, 1. Passed balls—Mutual, 4; Beaver, 6. Umpire, Mr. Casey, Brooklyn.

SPRINGFIELD REDS vs. ACME.—These clubs played at Springfield July 4 with this result, ten innings being contested:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Runs.
Sp'g'd Reds	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	—3
Acme	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3

MAPLE LEAF vs. ROCHESTER.

A game for the international championship was played at Guelph, Ont., July 2, between the Rochesters and Maple Leafs, in the presence of about 2,500 people. It was very well contested, and resulted in a victory for the home team. Lawlor, who has been catching for the Leafs for the last two or three games, filled his position as well as could be wished, and, should he remain there, he would be a great acquisition to the club.

MAPLE L'AF'S.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
T Smith, l f 5	1	1	0	0	0
W Smith, c f 5	2	1	4	0	0
Dixon, s. s.	5	1	0	0	3
Sullivan, p.	5	1	2	0	3
Lapham, lb.	4	0	2	16	0
Quinton, 2b.	4	1	1	3	3
Gillespie, 3b.	4	1	1	1	6
Walsh, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0
Lawlor, c.	4	1	2	1	3
Totals	40	8	10	27	17

ROCHESTER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	4	0	1	3	1
Luff, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0
Caskin, c.	4	0	2	3	0
Jonkins, lb.	4	0	1	9	0
Shattuck, s. s.	4	0	0	5	1
Tipper, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Madden, 3b.	3	0	0	3	3
Simmons, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Purroy, p.	3	1	0	1	1
Totals	35	3	7	27	18

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Maple Leaf	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	2	0	—8
Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3

Struck out—Maple Leaf, 0; Rochester, 1. Strikes called off Sullivan, 25; Purroy, 24. Balls called—on Sullivan, 15; Purroy, 19. Passed balls—Lawlor, 2; Caskin, 2. First base on errors—Maple Leaf, 6; Rochester, 3. Left on bases—Maple Leaf, 5; Rochester, 5. Earned runs—Maple Leaf, 1. Umpire, John Shea, Rochester. Time, 2h.

Some six thousand people gathered on the Rochester, N. Y., grounds July 4 to witness the return championship game between these clubs. Both nines played well, but the Rochesters had no difficulty in securing a victory, scoring seven runs, while their opponents were obliged to content themselves with two.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	6	0	1	2	4	1
Luff, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Caskin, c.	4	1	1	5	2	0
Jonkins, 1st b.	4	1	1	12	0	0
Shattuck, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Tipper, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Madden, 3d b.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Simmons, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Purroy, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Totals	34	5	6	25	15	2

MAPLE L'AF'S.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, r. f.	4	0	2	4	0
Geer, s. s.	4	0	0	2	0
Higham, c.	4	0	1	1	0
McKinnon, lb.	4	0	0	9	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	1	0	2	0
Carpent'r, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0
Clinton, c. f.	4	0	0	3	0
Totals	36	2	4	27	17	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Rochester	0	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	—7
Maple Leaf	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Passed balls—Lawlor, 3; Caskin, 1. Struck out—Luff, 1; Lawlor, 1. Balls called—on Purroy, 18; Sullivan, 21. Strikes called—off Purroy, 23; Sullivan, 18. First base on called balls—Rochester, 2; Maple Leaf, 2. First base on fielding errors—Rochester, 2; Maple Leaf, 3. Two-base hits—Waitt, 2; Luff, 1. Umpire, John Shea.

ERIE vs. PHILADELPHIA.

Buffalo, N. Y., was honored with the presence of these Pennsylvania clubs on July 4, 5, the games played being largely attended, and both resulting in the success of the Erie Club. The Philadelphias did not make a run in the eighteen innings.

ERIE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smiley, 3d b	1	1	2	4	1
Talley, c.	0	1	5	1	0
Heifer, 1st b.	0	1	12	0	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Phillips, p.	0	0	1	0	5
Fouser, s. s.	0	0	1	1	1
Bigel, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Nelson, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Bunce, 1st b.	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, s. s.	0	0	0	1	0
Crosley, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	1	3	24	10	9

PHILADELP'A.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Jackson, s. s.	0	0	2	2	1
Baker, c.	0	1	5	1	2
Beohler, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Myers, 2d b.	0	0	4	3	0
Birchall, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	3
Connell, 1st b.	0	0	12	1	2
Landis, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Banker, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	1	27	10	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Runs.
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Strikes called—off Banker, 21; Phillips, 10. Passed ball—Baker, 1. Balls called—on Banker, 17; Phillips, 10. Struck out—Philadelphia, 5; Erie, 1. Two-base hits—Bechtel, 1; Myers, 1; Dillon, 1. Earned run—Erie, 1. Umpire, Ed. Pond of the Rochesters. Time, 1h. 35m.

ERIE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smiley, 3d b.	1	0	1	4	0
Talley, c.	1	1	8	1	2
Heifer, 1st b.	0	1	13	0	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Phillips, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Fouser, s. s.	1	2	1	4	0
Bigel, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Nelson, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Bunce, 1st b.	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Crosley, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	4	27	12	2

PHILADELP'A.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Jackson, s. s.	0	0	2	2	1
Baker, c.	0	1	5	1	2
Beohler, c. f.	0	1	5	3	0
Phillips, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Myers, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Birchall, 3d b.	0	0	0	4	3
Landis, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Banker, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	0	3	13	15	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Runs.
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Strikes called—off Banker, 21; Phillips, 10. Passed ball—Baker, 1. Balls called—on Banker, 17; Phillips, 10. Struck out—Philadelphia, 6; Erie, 2. First base on errors—Erie, 1. Left on bases—Erie, 1; Philadelphia, 1. Earned run—Erie, 1. Umpire, Ed. Pond of the Rochesters. Time, 1h. 35m.

NOLAN vs. JACKSON.

The Jackson Club of Elizabeth, N. J., visited Albany, N. Y., July 5, and sustained a defeat at the hands of the M. N. Nolan Club, who were minus the services of Lavin and Lawlor, their regular pitcher and catcher. The game was close and interesting up to the end of the seventh inning, but the Nolans won by heavy batting in the eighth.

NOLAN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Evers, p.	2	3	0	6	0
Flannigan, 3b.	2	3	2	3	0
Hettinger, 1st b	1	3	13	1	1
Kane, s. s.	0	1	1	3	1
Lawton, l. f.	0	3	3	0	0
Carmody, r. f.	2	3	0	0	3
Peters, c.	1	2	3	1	1
Bingham, 2d b.	2	3	2	2	3
Hilson, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	11	22	27	16	9

JACKSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Ducharme, 3b.	0	2	1	2	4
Gundecker, lb.	1	2	10	0	0
Dominick, l. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Jackson, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0
Dixon, s. s.	5	0	0	2	5
Sullivan, p.	5	0	0	1	3
M. Mullen, c.	1	3	10	1	1
J. Mullen, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Hurley, r. f.	1	1	2	0	1
Fitzgerald, 2b.	2	2	1	2	0
Totals	15	21	27	19	9

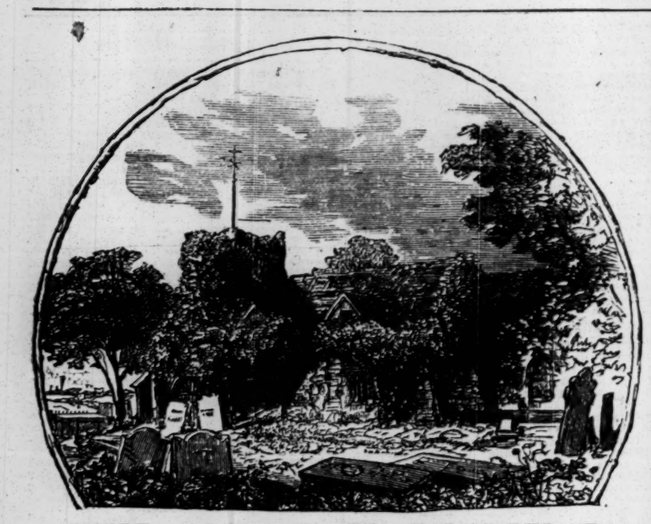
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Nolan	5	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	—15	
Jackson	1	2	0	0	0	0	3	3	—9	

Total bases on clean hits—Nolan, 17; Jackson, 10. Runs earned—Nolan 3; Jackson, 0. First base on errors—Nolan, 8; Jackson, 8. First base on called balls—Nolan, 7; Jackson, 3. Left on bases—Nolan, 9; Jackson, 7. Balls called—on Evers, 15; Grimes, 17. Strikes called—off Evers, 6; Grimes, 10. Passed balls—Peters, 5; Mullen, 1. Flies caught—Nolan, 7; Jackson, 5. Flies missed—Nolan, 2; Jackson, 1. Two-base hits—Evers, 1; Flannigan, 1; Ducharme, 1; B. Mullen, 1. Three-base hit—Peters, 1. Wild throws—Nolan, 2; Straight out—Nolan, 1; Ducharme, 1; Lawton, 1; Carmody, 1; Peters, 1; Hilson, 1; J. Hurley, 1. Umpire, Mr. T. McCabe of the Brooklyn Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

LOUISVILLE vs. HARTFORD.

The Louisville Club, on their own grounds, July 7, administered a severe beating to the Hartfords. Such batting as was done by the Louisvilles in this game is seldom seen. In the fifth inning seven base-hits and eight runs were made. Larkin could no nothing, and the Hartfords were completely demoralized, eighteen errors being scored to their credit. Several wonderful catches were made during the game. Hall got in two three-basers, and Larkin made a home-run.

| LOUISVILLE. | T. |



WHERE ARE THE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GARTH BRITTLE.

"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,
And studied the epitaphs old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on his spade,
I knew by the gleam in his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is Charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it lie with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

ANNIE LORAINE: AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF HAYS CITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. S. FERGUS.

Hays City, Kansas, in 1869, was not the most inviting place on the American continent for a new-comer. It sprang suddenly into existence as a temporary camp for the men engaged on the construction train of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and became at once the headquarters of the gamblers and venders of villainous rotgut, who made their living by appropriating unto themselves the pay of the laborers and employes. When the road was constructed to a point fifty miles west of Hays, the train was moved thither, and a large proportion of the "city" followed it, those only staying behind who had dealings with the soldiers at the fort of the same name.

When I reached the city, in the year mentioned, it consisted of one street of about the length of four New York blocks, and a cross-street or perhaps half a block. The main-street had houses on one side, and the railroad track on the other. The mansions of the inhabitants were all frame shanties; eight out of ten had canvas roofs, and about the same proportion were devoted to vending the inspiring firewater of the Plains. Every saloon had one or more "games" running. In some the play was done in the back room. In the majority the passer-by could look in the great door or the window and witness the intricacies of games of poker in which every hand was "straight up," and "cold decks" were the rule. Faro and monte came next to poker in popularity, such games as euchre and seven-up and cassino being too slow to suit the ardent temperaments of the pioneers of civilization who surrounded the tables. The said pioneers were the most heterogeneous lot that it has ever been my luck to see. I had been on the frontier for years, but Hays City laid out any place I ever struck for the general "hardness" of its citizens. A stranger to life on the Plains would first be impressed by the fact that every man carried a pistol or two; none of your dainty, silver-plated, ivory-handled popguns, but a Colt or Remington army-size six-shooter, carrying a 44-calibre bullet, that, if it hit a man, generally made a second shot superfluous. There were teamsters crossing the Plains on their way to New Mexico and Arizona; professional gamblers, calm and polite, but dangerous as rattlesnake when aroused; soldiers from the fort and from Custer's regiment, which was camped near by; an occasional army-officer in mufti; buffalo-hunters and hangers-on at the bars, the latter "dead-broke," depending on the generosity of friends who were "flush" for their "bitters" and food, and on the proprietors of the saloons for a place to snooze at night. The next noticeable peculiarity was the extreme politeness of everybody. Everyone was deferential and obliging in the extreme — when sober. He had to be. An uncomplimentary epithet in such places in Hays generally results in a funeral. Everybody calls everybody else "Mister" or "Squire's" or "Judge" or "Colonel," as the gentleman's title might happen to be; and even "Arkansaw Smith" and "Alabama," two of the most notorious ruffians and desperadoes and horse-thieves that ever entered Central and Eastern Kansas, were called "Mister Arkansaw" and "Mister Alabama" with as much deference as if the States from which they hailed had been named after them. But this politeness was but the thin crust over the slumbering fires of a volcano. It required but a word to change those apparently quiet men into desperate fiends, to whom their own lives and everybody else's were valueless. The inhabitants resembled Bret Harte's latest hero, "Thompson of Angel's," in the looseness and freedom with which they handled their pistols, and the city had a prosperous graveyard. I think there were eight men killed in saloon-brawls during the first two weeks of my stay. They told me times were remarkably quiet, and that when business was lively they thought "the boys" were getting religion if they didn't kill more than one man per night. The little man was the hero of the hour, and his popularity was vastly increased when the boys found that he could "take his oil," drink for drink, with the best of them, and "hold it without spilling." In the evening a meeting was held at the Bank Exchange, and it was determined to give the company a rousing reception.

The city was "on its ear" bright and early the next morning. The train did not reach Hays until about ten o'clock, but the streets were alive by six. Some of the citizens had gone up to the fort and had obtained the loan of some flags and guidons. Wild Bill was elected grand marshal, a couple of anvils had been borrowed from the quartermaster to fire salutes, and the occasion promised to throw the Fourth of July entirely into the shade.

Shortly before ten o'clock the whistle of the train was heard. The anvil-salute was started most enthusiastically and was kept up uninterrupted after the cars had stopped. The little man, who stood in front of the column of citizens, at once advanced to the car-door and entered. He soon reappeared, and was followed by the company, whom he marshaled on the platform. As soon as the anvil-salutes, with an accompaniment of pistol-shots thrown in, could be stopped so that everybody could hear, the little man advanced and introduced the members of the company to the crowd by name, expatiating at the same time on their extraordinary talents in their several lines.

As he performed this ceremony, I had an opportunity of examining them. At the head of the concern, Colonel J. C. Vincent Jardine, as the little man called him, was a jolly-looking man, with a twinkle in his eye that betokened at the same time good nature and a great deal of shrewd common-sense. The remainder of the company consisted of five women and eight men, four of the latter carrying musical instruments. To an Eastern theatre-goer like myself the men had the unmistakable look of ham-fatters. Three of the women were very little better, but the fourth was so closely veiled that I could not see her face. She leaned on the manager's arm, and appeared to be nervously looking ahead of her at the crowd. Several times the worthy Jardine bent towards her and seemed to whisper a word of encouragement.

The little man's address was cheered, and then, amidst shouts of "Go in, Bill," "Sling dictionary at 'em," "Show 'em your schoolin', Bill," Wild Bill, as grand marshal and master of ceremonies, stepped to the front to welcome the strangers. His speech was brief, and the Colonel made a fitting but rather grandiloquent reply.

At the close of the latter's remarks, the women of the company were escorted to the Bank Exchange, which boasted of hotel accommodations. The procession was then formed, with the company at its head, and marched up and down the streets and out across Big Creek to the fort, until they were all tired, and nearly all drunk.

It was determined that, on account of the difficulties incident to getting up a theatre, and of the fatigues of the day, the opening performance of the J. G. E. M. V. A. D. C. A. B. B. be deferred until the next evening. A consultation was held between the Colonel, the little man, and several of the leading citizens that evening, and they selected an old and vacant store building on the railroad as the Temple of Dramatic Art, as the little man called it. Volunteers went to work next morning, and in the course of a few hours everything was in readiness. There was plenty of lumber to be had for the trouble of taking it from deserted shanties. The stage would not have passed muster with Tony Pastor's company, nor would Mr. Worchestra chairs" have been acceptable to the audience at the Fifth-avenue Theatre; but the Hays audience was not particular. The seats were planks placed on beer-barrels stuck on end, and, when the beer-barrels gave out, stakes of wood were driven into the ground, and planks' ends nailed on them. The prices of admission were: First eight rows of seats, $1.50; second eight rows, $1; back seats, 75 cents; standing-room, 50 cents.

The residents were so much interested in the progress of the Temple of Dramatic Art that the arrival of the morning train was awaited by only myself and three or four others. Two men stepped from the cars. One was young, not over 30, with a pleasant, open face, and an appearance that unmistakably denoted him as a fresh arrival in the wilds of the West. The other was about 40 years of age, dark-browed, swarthy of hue, and with the unmistakable look of dissipation about him. They were both directed to the Bank Exchange, and gave their names, the younger as Peter Griffin and the older as Bill Hinman. The stoppage of strangers at Hays being somewhat of a novelty, they attracted a good deal of attention on the part of the loungers in the barroom.

"Bad egg, Major," said Sam Warner, the barkeeper, to me, as I stepped up to revive, intimating by a wink and a gesture that he meant Hinman. "He aint no good, sir."

"He does look bad; but you shouldn't judge a man by his looks always."

"I aint been knockin' round on the frontier for years 'thout knowin' suthin' about physi—what-you-may-call-ems —"

"Physiognomies?"

"Yes, sir: and if that galoot don't get himself into trouble afore he leaves Hays, you can call me a cayote."

Sam's feelings were too much like my own for me to endeavor to combat them, so I dropped the subject and strolled up to the fort.

At last the anxiously expected hour arrived, and the door of the Temple there was only one door) was thrown open. Seats had been reserved for the officers of the garrison, and when we arrived the hall was crowded to suffocation. Contrary to my expectation, the audience was remarkably well behaved; but I soon found out that Wild Bill had called a meeting, and asked them to "put on their pious," which they agreed to do, and did. As I looked around prior to the curtain's going up, I saw the face of Griffin in one of the back seats. He had a look of anxiety and preoccupation that attracted me. Instinctively I looked for Hinman, but he was nowhere to be seen. He was not in the audience.

Well, the curtain went up. There were no printed programmes, but Colonel J. C. Vincent Jardine stepped to the front and announced each part as it came up. It was a pretty fair performance for an out-of-the-way place. There were double songs-and-dances, statue-clog, negro sketches, etc.; but the girl with the veil had not yet made an appearance, and, as I felt an interest in her, I began to weary of the thing. I looked around for Hinman and Griffin. Hinman was not in the house, but Griffin sat in his seat, with the same intense gaze stageward.

At last the Colonel announced "Miss Annie Loraine, the charming and beautiful singer, from the leading operatic troupes of the Old and New Worlds," and the "veiled girl" came on. To say that I was surprised cannot express my feeling. She was so different from the rest, so entirely at variance with her surroundings, that I could only gaze at her in astonishment. She could not be called beautiful; but she had a sweet, pretty face, dark-gray eyes, a wealth of brown hair, and was apparently little over seventeen years of age. She was dressed modestly in black, with only pale-blue ribbons in her hair and at her throat, to relieve the sombre tints; but such a face as hers needed no gay apparel to set it off, and she took the audience by storm. She sang a beautiful ballad "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower" with simplicity and sweetness, and many eyes that had not known tears for years became dim as the tender words recalled memories of better and happier days. As she was singing the last verse, I turned and looked for Griffin. He was sitting in his seat, his eyes fixed with a look of yearning on the girl, and his face ghastly pale. At the close of the song he arose hastily and went out.

A rapturous encore was given by the audience, and silver half-dollars rang on the stage by dozens. The urbane Colonel and his assistants picked them up for the singer's benefit, and then she came on again. This time she sang "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," and again the beauty of words and melody awakened her hearers to enthusiasm.

As she was beginning the last verse, that indefinable feeling which sometimes comes over a man, warning him of the presence of some dangerous but unseen object, came upon me so suddenly that I started from my seat. By some uncontrollable impulse I looked at the window behind me, and there, glaring with eyes of deadly hatred at the girl on the stage, was the sinister face of Bill Hinman. My action drew almost all eyes to the window except those of Annie Loraine. For an instant Hinman stood looking at her, and then, just as the last notes of the song rose on the air, pulled a pistol and fired. The girl uttered a piercing shriek, and fell backwards. Instantly all was confusion. A hundred men jumped from the windows, and started for the assassin, but he had disappeared. The alarm spread through the town at once, and, it seemed by general consent, all the men gathered at the Bank Exchange. Wild Bill took command.

"You fellows on foot start up and down the track. You that have horses strike the trail for the Smoky Hill Fork, and up and down Big Creek. Spread out, boys, and make as near a surround as you can. The d——d whelp's bound to be run down as soon as it gets daylight. Bring him in alive. He's got to see what frontier justice is."

The men started to the number of about two hundred, all old frontiersmen, to whom hunting a man is the most exciting sport. Meantime, I had hurried to the fort after ascertaining that the girl was not dead, sent the surgeon to her assistance, picked out fifty good men, and started to join the hunt. Torches were speedily manufactured; but they were soon put out, as they would only serve to show our whereabouts to the fugitive, without aiding us in getting his trail.

"If he knows anything of the country, he'll strike up or down Big Creek," said Wild Bill, "because he can't pass the pickets at the dug-outs on the railroad. The cottonwood and brush on the banks of the creek will give him cover."

The soldiers were divided into two detachments, one of which went two miles up Big Creek, and one two miles down, and were strung out as pickets, with instructions to let no one pass without the countersign, which had been hastily given to all hands engaged in the scout. Wild Bill accompanied my detachment, and we speedily reached our position.

The hours wore slowly along until dawn. As soon as it was light enough to see, Bill and I took a dozen picked men and began to work back along the banks of the creek, to endeavor to strike the trail. We had gone about halfway back to Hays, when a low whistle from one of the men, who was slightly in advance, brought us to a halt. He had found the fugitive's track. We examined it carefully, and there was no mistake about it. It was the print of a high-heeled, Eastern-made boot, such as no man in the party wore but myself, and I had not been over this ground. It was Hinman's, undoubtedly, and the trail led to Big Creek.

The Plainsmen slowly followed it up. Sometimes it would disappear, and half an hour's hunting was necessary to recover it; but the men kept on with the patience of hounds on the scent, until at last the trail reached the bank.

"Now," said Bill, "let me finish this. Major, you stick by me. Boys, keep back."

Bill and I, crouching and crawling among the brush, advanced along the creek. We had gone perhaps fifty yards, when Bill suddenly raised his hand, and I stopped, scarcely able to breathe from suppressed excitement. He pointed in front, and there lay Hinman, crouched behind a little clump of brush, and peering anxiously in the opposite direction from us. He was not twenty feet away.

"Hold up your hands!" yelled Bill as he covered the wretch with his rifle. Hinman, though completely surprised, knew enough of the emphatic language of the Plains to comprehend that if he didn't throw up his hands over his head, without arms in them, he would be shot dead in his tracks.

"Now, turn around and surrender." And he did so.

While Bill kept him covered so that he dared not resist, I took a rawhide lariat, and, advancing to him, pinioned his arms and took his pistols away. He was at once marched off towards Hays, the signal of three volleys being given by our party to warn the rest of the capture. By the time we reached the city we found a number already there, and the remainder came in. With the stern, retributive justice characteristic of Judge Lynch, the prisoner was placed in the theatre, the scene of his crime, and closely guarded.

I immediately went to the Bank Exchange, where I met the little man and Colonel J. C. Vincent Jardine. The latter, in his pompous but kindly manner, assured me that the girl was doing well, the wound being only in the flesh, and painful, but not dangerous. She had received every attention from the officers and ladies at the fort.

"And what do you think?" queried the little man. "She's found her brother!"

"Or rather he's found her," said the Colonel.

"Yes; the fact of the matter is," said the little man, "that they come from away down East somewhere. When quite a child she became infatuated with this man Hinman, who was then on the stage, traveling with a company. You see, sir, we have bad men in our profession as well as in others, unfortunately. She ran away with him, and they were married. Since that time until he left her, two years ago, he treated her as only a brute like him can treat a woman. He finally deserted her at St. Joe, and she got an engagement as a ballad-singer. She joined us when we got there, about a year and a half ago, and the Colonel and I soon learned her history. She was always afraid of meeting Hinman. I don't know how he got on her track. Wasn't it queer, though, that he and her brother should both strike here together?"

At this moment Griffin came downstairs, and corroborated the news of his sister's favorable condition. He thanked me heartily for my efforts in her behalf, and told me in full the story of her life.

"If you ever come East, Major, be sure to come and see us."

I promised to do so, and we left for the theatre, as it was announced that the trial was about to begin.

We found the building crowded. In the front seats sat a jury of twenty-four, who had been chosen by vote before we arrived. The prisoner, guarded by four armed men, sat on the stage, almost on the spot where his victim had fallen. Wild Bill, the presiding officer, sat near the front of the stage. The audience was quiet and decorous. There was a suppressed murmur, half-applause and half-sympathy, as the girl's brother entered, for the story of the relationship had rapidly spread. He was the first witness called.

His story was a repetition of that told to me. When his sister left home the family was almost heartbroken, and he had devoted himself to the search for her. Often he heard of her, and as often lost the trail. It was by the merest accident that he discovered that she had come in the direction of Hays, and he proposed to take her home.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say in your defense?" asked the Sheriff.

"No. Only that I'm sorry I had killed her," replied Hinman, and his face showed his baffled rage.

"Gentlemen," said Wild Bill, "you will please vote as your names are called. Say 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty,' as you may believe the prisoner to be."

Sam Warner was clerk of the court, and, as he called each man's name, every vote was "Guilty."

"Now, gentlemen, there are two ways only by which this prisoner can be punished. One is Judge Lynch's sentence, Death; the other is to turn him over to the civil authorities, to be tried by a jury. If you vote the former, please state the means of death."

The clerk called the first name.

"Death by hanging!" came the clear response, and every man on the jury voted likewise.

"Prisoner," said the Sheriff, "you have heard the sentence. Major," turning to me, "what time is it?"

"Half-past three o'clock."

"Hinman, if you have anything to write to your friends in the East or any prayers to say, you'd better hurry up, for at half-past four o'clock you will be hung. The court's adjourned."

But before the audience had risen to their feet a commotion at the back of the stage attracted their attention, and presently there entered Annie Loraine, or, as I shall now call her, Annie Griffin, supported by the doctor and Colonel Jardine. She looked pale and faint, but a slight flush of color rose to her cheek as a rousing cheer greeted her.

"Come to order, boys," shouted Bill, and everybody sat down and kept quiet.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I come to plead with you for this man's life. Badly though he has treated me, he is still my husband. I don't want to see him again, but do not hurl him into eternity an unrepentant sinner. I ask you to let him live."

"Do you hear that, you miserable skunk?" said Bill, turning to Hinman. "Do you hear the woman you abused and tried to kill pleading for your worthless life? If it was you, I'd blow the roof of my head off. What do you say, boys? Will we oblige the gal, and let this sneaking cayote go? I'll take a vote of the whole house."

Everybody voted "Aye;" but it was very evident that it was done to oblige the girl, and not because they felt like it.

Miss Griffin was then led back to her room, and Bill, turning to Hinman, said:

"Look here, Bill Hinman, that gal's pleading saved your life. Now, you've got fifteen minutes to leave Hays. We never set a man adrift on the Plains unarmed, so you'll get your pistol back. Here it is. Now, git."

The prisoner was unbound, and rose slowly to his feet with a vacant look, as if he did not fully realize his position. He took the pistol mechanically, looked at it an instant, and then, before he could be prevented, placed the muzzle to his ear and blew his brains out!

But little remains to be told. Annie and her brother returned to their Eastern home within a few days, the citizens of Hays giving her what they called a "grand send-off." Colonel J. C. Vincent Jardine was very sorry to lose her, but would not take the money her brother offered him to reimburse him for the unexpired term of Annie's engagement.

"No, no, my boy," and there was a twinkle of a tear in his eye. "She's been a good payin' card and a deuced good girl, and right sorry I am that she's goin'; but it's for her good, and, God bless her, I wish her all the luck."

The little man's nose was redder than ever when he bade her good-bye, and he blew it repeatedly, averring that he had a cold in his head; but it was gentlemanly conduct, and nothing savoring of catarrh, that troubled him. The parting with the other members of the company was kind, and their wishes for her welfare were hearty.

Wild Bill and I were the last to shake hands with her. Bill's voice was tremulous as he said:

"Good-bye and good luck, miss. You remind me of my sister, that I haven't seen since the days when I was a better man. God bless you!"

The cars ran swiftly out of the depot, followed by hearty cheers from the crowd, the band of the J. G. E. M. V. A. D. C. A. B. B. playing "Home, Sweet Home."

In a few days Hays City was back to its normal condition, but to this day the participants in the above episode—those, I mean, who have not been killed by the Indians, gone off in the delirium-tremens, or "died with their boots on"—remember with kindly regard the little girl who threw a beam of the sunshine of home-life on their rough natures.

A few years later I came East, and met Miss Griffin and her family. I found that she had not been informed of Hinman's tragic end until several months after it occurred. She was weak and sick from excitement for some time, but at length fully recovered and returned to the stage. Many of THE CLIPPER readers who listen with delight to the sweet strains of one of the most famous ballad-singers in the country little know that she who charms them with her voice once equally charmed the rough residents of Hays City, and is the heroine of the tragic story I have written.

GAZE NOT ON BEAUTY too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee. If thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou leave it, it disturbs thee; if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate with it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire and the fool's Furnace.—*Quarles.*

JUST HOW ONE FEELS.

What the Wild Waves of the Trees Say.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SCHUYLER BRIGHTLY.

What say the leaves?
Watch them bending in the wind:
Every breeze that heaves
The clusters seems to bring to mind
Not how they bud,
But how they're doomed to fall,
Drooping in a flood
Of dead films over all!

That's how we feel
When Life looks dark and dismal;
When hopes that heal
Are down in depths abyssmal:

But, only raise a stake—
Have friend, or girl, or bottle
With you, just to take
That grim hold of the throttle—
How the engine starts—
How life grows a glory!
Gone the gloomy parts
Of the trees' story:
All is sylvan shade,
Sunshine filtering golden!
All that e'er was made
By poets, young or olden.

Ah! there comes to-morrow—
Again the leaves wave sadly;
Yet, if a man can borrow,
He doesn't feel so badly!

TOLD BY THE DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

My name is Maurice Danton, and, at the time my story opens, I was valet to Monsieur St. Armand. Not a very exalted position, perhaps my aristocratic readers will decide, but a very lucrative one, however. For years I had no fault to find with my master; but at last one objection arose, and, as it is the fashion nowadays (an old fashion, which descended from Adam) to blame everything that goes wrong in the world to the female sex, so, also, in this respect there was "a woman in the case."

I had long deemed monsieur impregnable to the attacks of the fair sex. He lived carelessly, and like a prince. There was no need of his marrying for money, as he already possessed a fair estate; and as for love, bah!—he had had enough of that! So he argued ever when lectured by his gay friends as to his bachelor state; and as time flew by he came to be regarded as a confirmed celibate.

One night monsieur came home from his club looking very pale and troubled. I knew at once that something was wrong. I knew, too, that in his own good time he would tell me all about it. Judge, then, of my astonishment when I learned that, by foolish risks at the gaming-table, he had lost nearly the whole of his fortune, and now (following the fashion) contemplated taking a wife to repair that loss. In vain I plead with him to relinquish the design, which would plunge me therewith all my future. He announced his firm intention of marrying, and, having pointed out to me the impossibility of keeping up his present style of living, and even hinting at the necessity of dispensing with the services of a valet, I wisely concluded to say no more. Without a valet what would become of monsieur, and *what would become of me?* I submitted.

He began at once to pay court to the most amiable woman in France—the only child of a wealthy old Alsatian. My heart smote me when I saw my master's choice. She was too pure and good for this sacrifice. But then *somebody* must be sacrificed, and it were better Valerie De Llancourt than I! She was fair—like an angel—a pure, blonde type of beauty so seldom found in France. Her face was perfectly colorless, her hair flaxen, her eyes were blue and timid. She was but a child in years and experience, and I trembled for her future.

The wooing was a speedy one. Monsieur's affairs were too complicated to admit of delay; so he urged the marriage with lover-like ardor, which almost deceived *me*, and with great pomp and ceremony the wedding took place. After a short tour of the Continent they came to the chateau, which he had had prepared for their reception, just outside of Paris, and there settled down to wedded happiness. I do not think it lasted long.

One evening, while walking with his bride through the beautiful and extensive grounds about the chateau, he was approached by a servant, who with a puzzled expression on his face announced that a woman who had just arrived was inquiring for him, and wished to see him at once. I chanced to be looking at monsieur, and I was startled at the change in his countenance. His face was white, and fairly livid. He stammered some reply to the waiting servant, and then, with a scarcely audible excuse to madame, followed the man back to the house.

My curiosity was aroused. Here was a secret of some kind which had been concealed from me. I was piqued, angry; I determined to follow. While I was considering what course I should adopt in the hall, where the new arrival was waiting, now face to face with my master. A slight figure, clad in gray, no color to brighten the sombre, nun-like garb, and with a gray veil drawn closely over her features. Stepping into a doorway near, I observed monsieur narrowly. He was straight up to the slender form, and spoke some words in a low, quick tone, which could not reach my ears, and glancing towards a small reception-room near by. My mind was made up. I left my lurking-place, and, stepping out upon the verandah, which ran across that side of the palace-like house, I approached the windows of the room indicated. Fortunately, one stood ajar. Standing inside, closed the window, and hastily concealed myself behind a large cabinet which stood in a corner. I had not long to wait. Soon the door opened and monsieur entered, accompanied by the lady, her veil still covering her face from view. He closed the door carefully and handed her to her seat.

"We will be safe from intrusion here, Leonie," he said in a low, nervous tone.

"It is well. Our business requires secrecy."

She laughed lightly. I had never heard so sweet a voice before—low, clear, yet modulated, bell-like. With a quick, impulsive movement, as though she were suffocating, she tossed back the veil, and, peeping cautiously out from behind my screen, I saw her face for the first time. She was lovely—lovely beyond compare. The pale beauty of my mistress faded into insignificance beside this olive-skinned, red-lipped, dark-eyed siren.

"You have done an imprudent thing, Leonie," began monsieur, gazing down into the dangerous dark eyes. "You should have written, and I would have gone to you."

"I knew it not," she answered. "But you know how impetuous I am. O Paul! Paul!" she cried, clasping her hands and turning those glorious eyes upon his face; "is it not enough to drive me wild and make me do any mad act? To feel that we are separated forever; that between us lies a chasm which can never be bridged; that you are bound—indissolubly bound—to another—ah, mon Dieu!"

She bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and faint sobs escaped her. My master's face was rigid. I saw that he was in torment; I saw, also, that he loved this woman—this Leonie. He drew near, and laid his hand on her bowed head.

"My darling!"

At the words she raised her eyes.

"Do not despair, Leonie. You know that you alone possess my heart. Have I not suffered as well as you?"

He struck his clenched hand upon the marble table near him. I could see that the blow left a black mark upon the white flesh, but in his agony he felt it not. He went on slowly:

"But for the accursed luck that ruined me you would be my wife, and in her place, Leonie. Listen! you shall yet be mine. Do you hear me? I swear that you shall be my wife!"

She trembled and bowed her head, as though she could not bear the impetuosity of his gaze. But I felt in my heart that, for this assurance, these words, she had come to him. He knelt at her side, and, throwing both arms about her slender form, spoke a few words in a low tone, hurriedly and passionately. Her perfect face flushed, and then paled; she trembled a little; then she answered aloud:

"Very well. By whatever step you take I will abide!"

Drawing her to him, he pressed his lips to hers. She did not repulse him. Then, rising, he led her out of the room, out of the house, and away from the place by a private entrance. Half an hour later, when I sought monsieur to deliver a message, I found him in the garden at madame's side, conversing in the most lover-like strain. Surely he had forgotten the existence of Mademoiselle Leonie!

The next day he received a letter which called him to Paris on urgent business—at least, so he stated, and so his patient victim believed. He would go alone, he said, and did not require my services. So I packed his clothes, he bade madame an affectionate farewell—it was their first parting—and was off by the next train. After his departure the house was very quiet, but I fancied a look of uneasiness in madame's eyes. I knew not if her suspicions were aroused, but I determined to watch her faithfully and defend her to the last.

My master had been gone about a week, and it was nearly time to expect his return, when one morning Marie, madame's maid, came to me with a perplexed face.

"Maurice," she began hurriedly, "whatever is the matter with my mistress? I have not heard her bell this morning; and when I ventured to the door of her chamber I could hear no sound within. Mon Dieu! I fear that she is ill."

A vague terror seized me. I followed the pretty French girl to the luxurious suite of apartments. Everything was still as the grave. Gathering courage, Marie stooped and called the name of her mistress through the keyhole. Still no reply. Now, thoroughly alarmed, I determined to risk possible rebuke for officiousness, and burst the lock of the chamber-door. It was easily accomplished.

What a sight was there! What a scene met our terrified eyes! A swinging lamp, still burning, threw a broad glare of light upon the awful picture—upon the rosewood bed, on which madame was lying, her long, fair hair, unbound, hung over the costly pillow; her eyes, wide open, staring; one hand hanging limp and lifeless beside her—and what is that? O Dieu! a stream of blood, dark-red, horrible, welling from her breast and falling on the velvet carpet, drip—drip—drip! To this day, when I close my eyes, this all comes back to me! With a wild shriek Marie fell upon the floor in a dead swoon. The frightened servants flocked in, a physician was sent for, and consternation prevailed. An autopsy was held, and it was pronounced a case of self-destruction, the weapon used being a small dagger, inlaid with jewels, which had long been the property of madame.

In the meantime monsieur had been sent for, and until his arrival the physicians had ordered that the body should not be disturbed. It was then that I ventured on a bold act. I sent privately for an eminent detective, in whose secrecy I could rely, and when he arrived I confided to him all my suspicions, and the interview between monsieur and the woman which I had witnessed. The detective's face was very grave when I had finished. I led the way to madame's apartment. The doors and windows had been found securely fastened on the inside, and, after a thorough examination of the room, we were about to relinquish the search in despair when the detective made an important discovery. He found that, notwithstanding the locked doors and windows, communication with the bedroom was quite possible by means of an old-fashioned sliding panel near the head of the bed, and whose existence there would never have been suspected. But we kept our own counsel, and awaited further developments.

Well, monsieur arrived, heart-broken, wild with grief. It seemed an outrage to suspect that agonized mourner of any wrong. He bent over the beautiful body, and hid his face in the long, fair hair, and wept and moaned and sobbed in the very abandonment of woe until the bystanders wept in sympathy. In the meantime came madame's aged parents, bowed with sorrow and the awful blow that had fallen on them so suddenly. She had been their all, and the loss fell crushingly upon them.

At length the detective drew near the dead body, surrounded by the noblest and wealthiest in the land, for madame had been highly connected.

"It is my opinion," said he, slowly glancing around the room, "that this lady did not die by her own hand."

My eyes were on monsieur. I saw him start, and a frightful pallor overspread his face.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"If monsieur will permit," answered the detective, bowing deferentially, "I will put my opinion to the test."

What could monsieur do but acquiesce? Nevertheless, I observed the shudder that passed over his handsome form, and the look of hatred that flashed from his dark eyes.

Just then a messenger whom the detective had dispatched returned, bearing with him a camera and photographing apparatus. Monsieur started, and one hand clutched at his heart convulsively.

"I have made a discovery," began the detective in his clear, firm tone, as he arranged the camera before the death-bed. "If monsieur will allow me," he added, laying his hand upon the sliding panel, and opening it before the astonished gaze of the beholders. "By that entrance did the murderer gain admittance. It must necessarily have been someone acquainted with the internal arrangements of the house and the lady's room, or he would not have known of this secret entrance or the whereabouts of the dagger with which the dreadful crime was committed."

Monsieur reeled like a drunken man, and sank into an easy-chair. Nothing escaped the keen eye of the detective.

"Now," said he slowly and impressively, "I am going to prove my words. I am going to show you the secret of this murderer."

It was a bold assertion. An awful silence reigned throughout the chamber of death. Monsieur sat like a marble statue. You could hear our hearts beat as we stood there. The detective had now prepared his photographing apparatus, and when all was ready he proceeded calmly and deliberately to photograph the eyes of the dead woman, wide open, staring as they were. At once everybody comprehended his design. He was about to demonstrate by actual experiment a scientific theory. Upon the retina of the eye would be impressed the last scene of the dead woman's life, and this, with the aid of powerful glasses, he purposed to photograph.

As long as I live I shall never forget that moment. The awe-stricken group—the ghastly face of the wretch in the arm-chair—the cool, impassive features of the officer, as his hands moved slowly in his work, upon which hung a human life. When the work was done and the proof prepared, the detective examined it closely. A deadly pallor overspread his countenance. He beckoned me aside. The dead eyes, revealing their awful secret, told this story. We could read it all, as though on a canvas, spread before our gaze. Science had wrought this miracle.

The murdered woman was lying on the bed. Over her stooped the form of a man, and in his hand the little dagger which he was in the act of plunging into her breast. It was the face of monsieur!

I draw a curtain over what followed. The friends of madame would have torn him in pieces; but the detective interfered, and, taking him into custody, soon had him safe in prison. The woman Leonie was found soon after; but, as nothing could be proven against her, she was discharged. The trial took place, and, through the influence of the tell-tale photograph, monsieur was sentenced to be executed, and soon after he confessed his crime.

On the morning of the day upon which the execution was to take place, Leonie appeared at the prison and begged the privilege of a farewell interview. An hour was granted her, and, with a strange look of triumph upon her beautiful, haughty face, she entered the cell. At the expiration of the time the jailor opened the door and found them both dead, clasped in each other's arms. A few drops of prussic acid, which Leonie had procured, had brought them the death which they chose, almost their last act together.

But little remains to be told. Monsieur and Madame De Llancourt soon followed their daughter to the grave, and the vast wealth was bequeathed to charitable purposes. I left France at once, and never returned.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXV.

CLOG-DANCING IN AMERICA.

The following communication refers to a portion of the "Annals" in our issue of June 23:

DEAR CLIPPER: It must be amusing to you to have parties writing to you about what they know nothing—for instance, the Rochester Minstrels; again, the Uncle Tomsand now, in this week's issue, clog-dancing.

Do you remember when Burton opened the National Theatre, Philadelphia? He had a man named Okey or Oakes, who danced wooden shoe dances between the pieces. "The Tattooed Man" did, as you say, dance in clogs. I saw him in New York in 1843. This takes the chase and date out of Tim Hayes. I think that Fred Wilson was before you publicly, and he was not. It was Wilson who made it a minstrel feature with the Morris Bros.' Minstrels in Boston. Yours, as ever,

SAM S. SANFORD.

The dancer as to whose name Mr. Sanford is uncertain was Oakey, then well known in this city, and who, as ballet-master of the New National, began his first professional engagement in Philadelphia (not before the public) on the opening night of that house, Aug. 31, 1840. He has been dead many years.

The following has reference to an obituary notice of Tim Hayes that appeared in our regular amusement columns of May 19. Mr. Wilson has misunderstood its purport. It said nothing about the deceased having been the first to introduce clog-dancing to the American pleasure-going public. What was stated was this: "He is *said* to have introduced the clog-dance as a *marked* feature of minstrel shows in this country." Mr. Wilson's note was written before he could have seen our article on clog-dancing among our "Annals" of June 23.

LONDON, Eng., June 17, 1877.

FRIEND QUEEN: A week or two ago I saw in your paper an account of the death of Tim Hayes, clog-dancer, in which you therein stated that he was the first to introduce clog dancing to the American pleasure going public. Please allow me to call your attention to your article in issue Feb. 6, 1875, where you decided that in the year 1852 I was then dancing in a circus, traveling as clown. I was a member of a minstrel company in Boston, at Boulton Garden, then called the Park House, in 1849, the company comprising "Byze" Thayer, bones; Brown, tambourine; Charley Howard, left-handed violin; Huntley, accordeon; Bill Newcomb, banjo; and one or two others, now forgotten, in first part. Gray (the Boston Ratler) and myself were dancing; Rattler doing jigs, and I dancing clogs and walk-arounds. From 1844 to 1849, or long before Dick Sands or poor Tim Hayes was thought of, I was in many a fly-by-night snap.

I am now in splendid condition, giving an entertainment to a London audience with great success, and I hope I may live to return to New York with lots of the needful. With kind regards for past favors, allow me to be, respectfully,

FRED WILSON, the Original.

THE ORIGINAL INGOMAR.

DEAR CLIPPER: In article in issue of June 23 last you say that James H. Taylor was the original Ingomar in this country. I think you are mistaken. "Ingomar" was originally produced in this country at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in November, 1851, and Wm. McFarland was the original Ingomar. He was my first stage-manager in the year '58, and I have heard him speak of Mrs. Warner, the Parthenia of that night.

Mr. McFarland is now, I believe, in Chicago, giving lessons in elocution, and having a dramatic agency also. Possibly Mr. M. will see this article, and he can enlighten you on the subject. I have often heard him speak of being the original Ingomar in this country.

Truly, OWEN FAWCETT.

Ypsilanti, Mich., June 28, 1877.

So far as our records show, the nearest approach of Mr. McFarland to being the original Ingomar in America was on Nov. 3, 1856, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, when he played the Duke Aranza to Mrs. Warner's Juliana in "The Honeymoon." The lady also played Parthenia that night, which was for her benefit, and we do not know that Mr. McFarland did not then play Ingomar. We could readily ascertain, but it is not material whether he did or not; for that was not the first production of "Ingomar" in America. We have what has been handed down to us as the first cast of "Ingomar" *at the Chestnut-street Theatre,* and Mr. McFarland's name is not in it. The characters there given are complete. Whether or not another actor's name has been inserted in place of Mr. McFarland's, the latter gentleman, Barton Hill, or W. M. Ward, or John Gilbert (the last-named was at the Chestnut, but not in the cast), can best say. Apart from this, anyone in Philadelphia who will take the trouble to look at the obituary of Dan Howard and the banjoist, which appeared in our Variety Department last week:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1877.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of this week, I see that in the correspondence from Philadelphia it gives the late Dan Howard the credit of placing Welch and Rice on the stage, which is an injustice to Messrs. Welch and Rice. Welch and Rice first appeared singly for Mr. Sam Sanford at Harr

CRICKET.

ST. PAUL vs. METROPOLITAN CLUBS.

The visit of the Young American cricketers of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., to the city the past week had quite an enlivening effect on the admirers and exemplars of the game in the metropolis; and it is to be hoped that, now some life has been given the game here, our local clubs will keep up the interest by continuing to get up matches among themselves if they cannot induce outside clubs to come here. After the victory, the boys—Archie Gracie's pupils—obtained over the eleven the St. George Club very liberally placed in the field for them, the visitors were anxious to test the full strength of the other two clubs, and on Monday, July 2, the Manhattans gratified them by playing their first eleven against the Concord school team, the result being the defeat of the school cricketers by a score of 73 to 36, the game being decided by the score of the first inning. In this contest the Manhattans displayed unusual ability in the field, as the score of extras shows; and, though they did not handle the ash as they can do at times, still some very good play at the bat was exhibited, Greig's 23 and Love's 10 being well-obtained figures. On the part of the boys, Conover alone played with any effect at the bat, Hosford's straight, underhand bowling and Jenkins' swift round-arm balls rather bothering the young batsmen. In the second inning the boys got off their fielding very badly, and the result was a score of 64 with but five wickets down, Hooper batting handsomely and Hosford scoring well at the bat. The boys having to leave in early trains stopped the game at 4.30 P. M.

First Inning.	MANHATTAN.	Second Inning.
Jenkins b. Borie	8 b. Haxall	0
Love b. Borie	10	
Makin b. Borie	0	
Greig b. Emery	23	
Giles c. Coale b. Emery	0 not out	2
McDougall b. Emery	4 st. Gracie b. Gracie	Haxall 1
Hosford b. Borie	5 b. Borie	18
Hayward c. Conover b. Borie	0 b. Haxall	0
Scott, run out	0 c. Ingersoll b. Emery	0
Hooper, not out	4 not out	29
Bethell b. Emery	1	
Byes, 7; leg-b., 7; wides, 4	18 Byes, 5; leg-b., 0; wides, 5	10
Total	73 Total	64

	ST. PAUL.	
Conover b. Hosford	15 Ingersoll b. Hosford	0
Drumm c. Hooper	1 Haxall b. Hosford	0
Borie c. Greig	3 Chandler, not out	2
Shaber b. Hosford	0 Chandler, run out	6
Gracie b. Hosford	1 Bye, 1; leg-bye, 1; wide, 1	3
Dickey c. Bethel b. Jenkins	3 Total	36
Emery b. Jenkins	4	

MANHATTAN—FALL OF WICKETS.

First inning.....22 22 29 32 61 68 68 68 69 73—73
Second inning....2 43 57 61 61 64 64—64

ST. PAUL—FALL OF WICKETS.

First inning.....9 15 16 16 19 27 28 28 30 36—36

Umpires, Messrs. Smith and Kearney.

On July 3 the St. Paul's eleven visited Staten Island, and there they were met by an eleven which comprised Messrs. Whetham, Donald and Roberts of the first eleven, and the strongest of the club's second-eleven players. This team proved too strong for the St. Paul's boys, and the result was their defeat in a four-innings game. The Staten Island team went to the bat first, and, through the fine stand made by Whetham, and the good batting assistance rendered by Jarvis, Stevens and Roberts, the good score of 107 was obtained, Whetham's 45 being the score of the day. The boys fielded very finely at times, good catches being made by Borie and Conover, Gracie's fine wicket-keeping, too, was a feature of the contest. Coale took the majority of wickets, his bowling being fruitful of chances for catches. In the first inning of the St. Paul's eleven Conover especially distinguished himself at the bat, his 35 being the second-best score of the day. The boys did not like Sprague's bowling a bit. He, Stevens and Donald divided bowling honors, good catches being made by Peters, Stevens —a very pretty long-field catch—and Whetham, the last attending to the wicket-keeping in his customary fine style. In the second inning of the Island side, the bowling of Borie told with better effect than before, and, assisted by some sharp fielding, the Islanders were got rid of for 64 runs, of which Peters contributed a good 12, Outerbridge 14, and Roberts a neat 10. Ingersoll, Conover and Borie made good catches. The good fielding is shown by the fact of but two extras being scored. This left the Island total at 164, and the boys went into the heavy uphill work of getting over eighty runs. They had scored but 37, however, when their last wicket fell, Drumm's 10 being the best score.

First Inning.	STATEN ISLAND.	Second Inning.
Peters b. Emory	4 run out	12
Donald st. Gracie b. Borie	6 b. Coale	0
Stevens c. and b. Borie	8 c. Ingersoll b. Borie	0
Whetham c. Borie b. Coale	45 c. Conover b. Borie	3
Outerbridge c. Conover b. Haxall	1 b. Borie	14
Eyre b. Borie	0 c. Conover b. Coale	5
Jarvis, run out	13 b. Borie	5
Houghton l. b. w. b. Coale	5 c. Borie b. Coale	1
Seaverd c. Conover b. Coale	2 run out	6
Roberts, not out	7 st. Gracie b. Borie	10
Sprague b. Coale	1 not out	1
Byes, 9; l. b., 2; w., 4	15 Byes	2
Total	107 Total	67

First Inning.	ST. PAUL.	Second Inning.
Gracie b. Sprague	0 b. Sprague	4
Conover b. Donald	35 b. Sprague	5
Dickey b. Sprague	7 run out	0
Borie c. Whetham b. Outerbridge	6 b. Sprague	2
Shaber, run out	2 b. Sprague	0
Coale c. Peters b. Stevens	0 c. Sprague b. Stevens	1
Drumm c. Stevens b. Outerbridge	2 b. Stevens	10
Ingersoll, run out	6 b. Sprague	2
Emory c. Peters b. Donald	9 b. Stevens	3
Chandler b. Eyre	1 not out	8
Haxall, not out	0 b. Stevens	0
Byes, 10; l. b., 1; w., 2	13 Byes	2
Total	81 Total	67

Umpires, Messrs. Brewster and McKean.

This ended the series of games in the metropolis by the St. Paul's eleven. These fine young players and very gentlemanly representatives of Young American cricketers made a most favorable impression wherever they played, not only by their fielding skill, which is their specialty—and something, by the way, they can excel the most of our old elevens in, as a general thing—but by their very gentlemanly deportment. The batting averages of the American cricketers of St. Paul's School in their three games played in the metropolis are as follow:

Players.	Games.	Innings.	Total score.	Highest score.	Not out.	Average.
Conover	3	4	72	35	0	18.00
Borie	3	4	71	60	0	17.75
Drumm	3	4	23	10	0	5.75
Gracie	3	4	22	18	0	5.50
Emery	2	3	16	9	0	5.33
Hamilton	1	1	5	5	0	5.00
Chandler	3	3	15	6	1	3.75
Dickey	3	4	13	7	0	3.25
Shaber	3	4	12	10	0	3.00
Ingersoll	3	4	10	6	1	2.50
Coale	3	4	5	2	2	1.25
Haxall	3	4	0	0	1	—

Borie excelled in bowling, and Grace's fine wicket-keeping was a feature of the St. Paul's game. It is to be hoped that the ice which will make their visit to the city an annual excursion.

CRICKET ON THE FOURTH.

The Fourth of July is the cricketer's gala-day in America. Then it is that he enjoys his national game as he does probably on no other day of the year. This Fourth of July, owing to quite a revival of cricket, and the very exceptional weather which marked the day, there was an unusually large gathering of cricketers at Hoboken, and also at Staten Island, and the result was some very enjoyable sport. The St. George members mustered in force, and played a four-innings game, the score of which tells the story of the day's play:

First Inning.	CASHMAN'S ELEVEN.	Second Inning.
Cashman b Hornblower	20 c. Westfeldt b. Whetham	28
Giles c. Harris b. Whetham	31 c. Talbot b. G. Giles	8r.... 1
Dr. McDonald c. Morrell b. Whetham	0 b. Whetham	3
Westfeldt c. and b. Whetham	0 b. Whetham	0
Gilbert c. Morrell b. Whetham	7 run out	1
Grant b. Whetham	6 c. Talbot b. Whetham	7
Smith, run out	2 b. Giles	0
F. Smith c. Morrell b. Hornblower	2 b. Giles	9
Miller b. Whetham	3 c. Talbot b. Giles	0
Hadley c. Whetham b. Hornblower	13 st. Hornblower b. Whetham	7
Dyer, not out	0 not out	3
Bye, 1; wides, 2	3 Byes, 2; lez-bye, 1	3
Total	87 Total	62

First Inning.	WHETHAM'S RIDE.	Second Inning.
G. Gilbert Sr. b. Giles	5 l. b. w. b. Cashman	23
Whetham c. Cashman b. Giles	4 c. Giles b. McDonald	30
Hornblower c Westfeldt b. Giles	0 b. Cashman	1
Talbot l. b. w. b. Cashman	7 b. Cashman	5
Morrell b. Giles		
Hayslip c and b. Cashman	2 b. Cashman	0
Harris b. Giles	1 run out	0
Monroe b. Gilbert	0 c. and b. Cashman	0
Fanning b. Gilbert	1	
W. Giles b. Giles	1	
Green, not out	0 Byes	8
Byes, 8; wide, 1	9 Byes	
Total	37 Total	67

At the close of the game over a dozen new members were added to the club.

At Staten Island an interesting holiday-game was played between the married and single men, and, despite Brewster's strenuous exertions in bowling and batting on behalf of the Benedicts, those bachelor fellows, such as Roberts, Peters, Duer and Shaw, had the impudence to score double figures, and the result was Billy's side had to succumb. Roberts' fine score of 26 included a leg-hit for five, which sent the ball flying over the tent, and another, for three, which drove it into the tent, demoralizing the score-keeper. Peters' 14 included three triplets made from drives. Of their fielding, the most noteworthy feature was a fine catch at slip by Donald when Stevens made his first hit.

MARRIED.	SINGLE.
A. E. Outerbridge c. Kelly b. Donald	6 W. M. Donald b. Brewster. 3
M. G. Haugeton, not out	7 H. Stikeman b. Brewster. 2
Howard b. Sprague	0 E. Roberts b. Brewster. 26
W. Foster c. Sprague b. Roberts	3 C. T. Jarvis b. Brewster. 10
E. W. Stevens c. Donald b. Sprague	0 A. W. Peters c. Foster b. Brewster	14
W. Brewster b. Sprague	14 J. B. Duer b. Stevens	10
R. B. Whittemore, run out	2 T. Shaw c. and b. Brewster	16
T. G. Evans b. Sprague	2 E. Kelly c. Foster b. Brewster	1
H. Orton b. Sprague	0 W. Hodges, not out	0
J. Gould, not out	0 Bye	1
Byes, 15; leg-b., 7; w., 2	24	
Total	87 Total	83

The Manhattan members did not muster in force at Prospect Park, as they usually do on the Fourth of July; but Messrs. Barclay, Scott, Reed, Franklin, Chadwick and others got up a little practice-game, which, assisted by some ball-players, proved interesting to a crowd of spectators.

At Paterson the two cricket clubs of that town had practice-games on their grounds, and enjoyed the day's play very much.

MANHATTAN vs. UNION OF PATERSON.

The Manhattan Club are evidently going in for enjoyable cricket this season, judging from the way they are getting up matches and playing their games. On July 5 they had a match with the Unions of Paterson, who visited Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the occasion, for the first time this season. It was a first-eleven match; but the Manhattans put on some of their "old boys" just to give the "vets" a little field-practice, and consequently the team representing New York in the contest was a mixed one. There was "Old Tilly," a gray-bearded veteran, once the kingpin of the Satellite eleven; but that was ever so many years ago. Then there were "Old Jimmy Smith," who used to play in the Albany Club when we were a boy. "That's so, Jimmy; you know you did." Then there was Old Harry Tucker, who has grown gray in Manhattan service, and another old one in McKenzie. But the old boys played well, considering that Tilly and Smith worked the deuce with the score, and Tucker made a singular record, while Mack manufactured a pair of spectacles with his bat. It was fun to see Tilly stop a ball with his knee instead of his bat. By the way, while we are about it, we may as well state that the first eleven of the Manhattan Club are: Jenkins, captain; Greig, Hosford, Makin, Scott, Bethell, Giles Jr., Hooper, Graham, Love and McDougal. Their second eleven include H. Tucker, Hayward, Evans, McKenzie, Tilly, Smith, Longmire, Barclay, Jones and Reid. In this game play was called early and four full innings were played, the result being the success of the Manhattans by a total score of 122 to 71. The New York eleven went to the bat first, and they were disposed of for 67 runs, of which Makin contributed 14 and Evans 11, the latter carrying his bat out. Graham's bowling took the most wickets, Grogan, Kusick and Savage making good catches. In the first inning of the Paterson eleven they scored only 25 runs, Savage's 5 being the best score, Greig bowling with telling effect. In the second inning the Manhattans scored only 55, Giles' 10 being the highest score, Graham again taking a majority of the wickets. In the second inning of the Jerseymen they opened play in lively style; but when Jenkins went in to bowl, the wickets went down rapidly, and the last wicket fell with the total at 46, thus giving the victory to the Manhattans.

First Inning.	MANHATTAN.	Second Inning.
Jenkins c. Kusick b. Graham	2 b. McDonald	2
Hosford c. Savage b. Graham	5 c. and b. Graham	14
Makin b. McDonald	14 c. Mellon b. McDonald	1
Greig l. b. w. b Graham	2 b. Graham	7
Giles Jr. b. McDonald	3 b. Graham	10
McDougal, run out	6 b. Jennett	1
McKenzie b. Graham	0 not out	8
Tilly c. Grogan b Graham	0 l. b. w. b. Graham	0
Tucker b McDonald	1 run out	1
Evans, not out	11 c. Baird b. Graham	3
Smith b. McDonald	2 b. Graham	2
Byes, 4; l. b., 7; wides, 4	15 Byes, 9; leg byes, 3	12
Total	67 Total	55

First Inning.	UNION OF PATERSON.	Second Inning.
Kusick b. Greig	0 b. Giles	3
Mellon c. Greig b. Hosford	1 b. Jenkins	1
Baird b. Greig	0 l. b. w. b. Greig	12
Graham b. Greig	6 c. McKenzie b. Greig	19
Savage b. Greig	5 run out	2
Loughlin b. Hosford	4 b. Jenkins	0
Morrison c. McDougal b. Greig	4 run out	0
Jennett b. Hosford	2 b. Jenkins	0
Grogan, not out	2 b. Greig	2
McDonald b Hosford	0 b. Jenkins	0
Guthrie c. Greig b. Hosford	0 not out	0
Bye, 1; leg bye, 2	3 Byes	7
Total	25 Total	46

Umpires, Messrs. White and Wardell.

LONGWOOD vs. ALPHA.

On July 4 the Alpha Club of Salem, Mass., visited Longwood, and had a good game with the club of that place, as the appended score shows:

First Inning.	LONGWOOD.	Second Inning.
Train c. H. S. Perkins b. Mahoney	3 b. Mahoney	0
Dutton b. Mixer	5 run out	0
Tyler b. Mahoney	0 not out	4
Jones c. Weston b. Mixer	3 b. C. W. Perkins	1
Farley b. C. W. Perkins	20 c. and b. C. W. Perkins	2
Walker b. C. W. Perkins	11 c. Mahoney b. C. Perkins	3
Fay c. C. W. Perkins b. Mahoney	3 b. Mahoney	1
Hubbard, not out	1 b. Mahoney	0
Pickering b. Mahoney	1 b. Mahoney	0
Shaw b. Peck b. Mahoney	0 c. Shaw b. C. W. Perkins	3
Clark b. Mahoney	0 b. Mahoney	0
Byes, 2; l. b., 2; n. b., 1	5 Leg-byes	3
Total	52 Total	24

First Inning.	ALPHA.	Second Inning.
H. S. Perkins c. Tyler b. Jones	0 b. Jones	0
Hagar b. Farley	0 b. Farley	7
Mixer b. Jones	0 b. Jones	1
Peck b. Jones	2 b. Farley	0
Mahoney c. Shaw b. Jones	9 c. Shaw b. Jones	0
Ives (hit wicket) b. Farley	1 c. Clark b. Farley	0
Hodges c. Fay b. Jones	1 b. Jones	2
C. W. Perkins b. Farley	0 not out	8
Prince, not out	1 b. Jones	3
Weston b. Farley	0 b. Jones	0
Symonds b. Jones	0 b. Hubbard	0
Wides, 4; bye, 1	5 Wides, 11; leg-bye, 1	12
Total	10 Total	42

AQUATIC.

THE BOSTON REGATTA.

Biglin and Englehart Win the Pairs, Plaisted the Singles, Faulkner and Reagan the Doubles, and the Shawmut Crew the Fours.

A larger crowd than had ever before congregated to witness aquatic sports on the Charles River, at Boston, Mass., were assembled on the banks of that stream and on the steamers, schooners and other craft which lay in the vicinity of Charles street, on Wednesday afternoon, July 4, intent upon witnessing the exciting contests which were confidently expected to result from the meeting of skilled oarsmen, of local and national repute, who were booked to take part in the several races constituting the programme for the annual City Regatta, which this year was more than ordinarily rich in events. The total number of spectators was estimated at thirty-five thousand, nearly if not quite one-half of whom were ladies. The regatta, too, marred though it was by several foul—the result, save in one instance, of the folly of persisting in the old style of compelling the contestants to turn the same stakeboat, which inevitably leads to confusion and collisions—was one of the finest that have ever been held on this course, each and every one of the events being contested in a manner which kept up the interest of the spectators throughout. The race wherein the greatest interest was manifested was that for single sculls, in which a dozen of the very top-flight entered started, including six widely-known men—Edward Hanlan, Fred A. Plaisted, John Mekeel, James A. Ten Eyck, F. A. Johnson and Alex. Brayley. A foul alleged to have been committed by Hanlan against Johnson soon after getting away may have had some bearing on the result of this contest, as Johnson lost valuable time and distance by the collision, and he subsequently pressed Plaisted very hard, being beaten home by about a length only. "Frenchy" has been rowing particularly well this season, and it is unfortunate that anything should have occurred to interfere with his chances, and raise a question concerning the decisiveness of the result as between him and Plaisted. That Hanlan could have made a better showing had he maintained a proper course, and tried harder to win by only honorable means, we believe, and he has not done himself any good by his actions upon this occasion; for, though he may not have been any more to blame than Johnson for the first foul, he certainly was altogether to blame for running first into Plaisted and afterwards into Johnson at the stakeboats. Canadian's performances this year have fallen surprisingly below what the public had been led to expect after his achievements on the Schuylkill last season, and the reason for it does not appear clear. For the pair-oared race there were no fewer than sixteen entries, but most of them appear to have been frightened off by the presence of two or three formidable pairs, only two starting. These were Biglin and Englehart and the Connelly Brothers, the former having the call in the betting, but the brothers proved good enough to give the New-Yorkers Myrtle over a good deal to the greater part of the way. The winning pair subsequently encountered that crack Boston couple George Faulkner and Patsy Reagan in the double-scull race, and, though the Hubites were perfectly fresh, while Biglin and mate fit the effects of their exertions in the pair-oared pull, the latter hunted them in a way which kept Faulkner and mate close down to work from first to last. Neither of these races was rowed in very fast time, however, although the conditions of wind and water were alike favorable. The most important event was the race for four-oared shells and lapstreaks, in which four starters came to the line out of eleven entries. In this the crew which would otherwise have been most fancied—Faulkner, Englehart, Biglin, Reagan—were placed at a great disadvantage by reason of loss of oarlocks in previous races, and they had no chance with the thoroughly-sound-in-wind-and-limb Portland and Shawmut crews. Little interest was taken in the races between four-oared working-boats and Whitehall boats, which were both won with comparative ease. The races were started at 3.30 P. M., and are described below:

FOUR-OARED WORKING-BOATS.—Open and rowed on gunwale, four miles, three turns; prizes, $200 to first, $100 to second, $25 to third; 23 entries, 11 starters.

Lakeman—Charles Hooper (bow), Martin Ryder, Roger Kelly, Neil Henry (stroke).....	1
Ali Sorse—P. Mulhern (bow), P. J. O'Neill, J. Fitz. E. Neagle (stroke).....	2
Riverside—M. Crowley (bow), M. Griffin, J. Burke, F. H. Burke (stroke).....	3

The Lakeman four jumped off with the lead, and when a quarter of a mile had been put behind them they had clear water, the other boats, with the exception of the Riversides, All Sorts, and Lynn, gradually falling to the rear. The three mentioned fought hard for second position, and pushed the leaders for three-quarters of a mile pretty closely; but as they neared the stakeboat the Lakemans spurted, and rounded with a lead of two lengths, the Riversides being second, about the same distance in front of the All Sorts, the others coming up some distance behind in a bunch, and fouling each other repeatedly as they tried to get around. On the next mile the Lakemans opened out a gap of four lengths, the Riversides still holding to second place and the All Sorts to third, well up. During the third mile the latter got by the Riversides, and in this order they pulled to the end, the Lakemans finishing with a lead of four lengths. Time, 28:25. The Island Pride crew was fourth, Lynn fifth, St. James sixth, and Clark seventh.

PAIR-OARED SHELLS.—Three miles, turn; $150 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third; 16 entries, 2 starters.

John A. Biglin, George B. Englehart.....	1
Connelly Brothers.....	2

For a mile or more it was a beautiful contest, the boats, which had started evenly, remaining abreast; but now the New-Yorkers began to draw slowly ahead, pulled themselves clear within a quarter of a mile of the stakeboat, and rounded it ten seconds ahead. The Connellys stuck resolutely to their work on the return, and the leaders couldn't find time to do anything but strong pulling until they were safely across the line, which was reached by them with a lead of half a length. Time, 22m. 33s. As only two boats started, the award of only one prize was called for; but, so pleased were the judges with the efforts of the Bostonians, that they soloaced them for defeat by a present of $25.

WHITEHALL BOATS.—Two miles, turn; $50 to first, $25 to second; 14 entries, 4 starters.

T. A. Scott, J. S. Daily.....	1
M. J. Hopkins, Jas. Black.....	2
D. Connolly, J. Connors.....	3
John Joyce, Con Burke.....	4

The three former kept well together halfway to the turn, when Scott and partner cut away from the others and rounded first, Hopkins and mate close up, while Joyce and Burke were falling to the rear. They rowed home in this order, Scott and Daily crossing the line first by seven seconds in 18m. 17⅛s., Connolly and Connors being third by ten seconds, Burke and companion far behind.

SINGLE SCULLS.—Two miles; $150 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third; 34 entries, 12 starters.

F. A. Plaisted.....	1	John Mekeel.....	5
F. A. Johnson.....	2	G. H. Hosmer.....	6
J. A. Ten Eyck.....	3	E. Hanlan.....	7
D. D. Driscoll.....	4		

They were started in good shape, and swung along on even terms for one hundred and fifty yards, when Plaisted's shell was observed to forge ahead, and he quickly gained a good lead, Ten Eyck and Mekeel following closely, while just to the rear were Johnson and Hanlan, side by side, and working vigorously to secure a better position. They gradually neared each other, and the foul which had been foreseen, as neither manifested a disposition to give way, occurred after they had gone a little more than a quarter of a mile, when "Frenchy" held a slight lead. They lost some time by this collision, but as soon as they got clear they started off again in another struggle to get the upper hand of each other. Their exertions soon carried them past Ten Eyck and Mekeel (neither of whom was in condition fit to row against the leaders), and finally Johnson headed the Kanuck, and made a dash for Plaisted, who, however, reached the stakeboat three lengths in front. Making a close turn, he had started on the return journey, when he was met by Hanlan, who, either because he was unaware that he had to turn from right to left, or intentionally, was going straight for him on the wrong side of the turning-boat. A warning cry from the judges was unheeded, and before Plaisted could get out of the way Hanlan fouled him, the boats colliding with considerable force, but, fortunately, without material injury to either. Johnson had not yet been able to get around the stakeboat, Ten Eyck and Driscoll also waiting, and as he now attempted to go on Hanlan fouled him again. At last all the boats got started homewards, and a close and very exciting contest ensued, especially between Plaisted and Johnson, the latter struggling hard to "get up head," and at times seeming to be on the high road to victory; but Fred always had enough left in him to give Frenchy as good as he sent, and Plaisted ultimately won by over a length, Ten Eyck being third, nine seconds behind Johnson, Hanlan finishing Driscoll a length or more. Time, 14:24½.

DOUBLE-SCULLS.—Three miles; $100 to first, $50 to second; 11 entries, 5 starters.

H. Biglin, Geo. Englehart.....	1
J. Biglin, Geo. Englehart.....	2
G. S. Hosmer, Frank Hill.....	3
J. J. Bagley, M. Sullivan.....	4
Unknowns.....	5

They got off well together, but directly Faulkner and Reagan, who were the favorites, shot to the fore, closely pressed by the New-Yorkers. They struggled hard to shake them off, but, though fresh as new paint, they could not do so until a mile had been gone, when there was clear water between the boats, and Faulkner and mate arrived at the stakeboat with two lengths' lead. The Yonkers crew rounded next, before the leaders had got fairly turned, and the consequence of close quarters was a foul, their stem striking the Bostonians' boat amidships, but only lightly. The next moment Hill and Hosmer, who had been a hot third all along, ran their bow over the stern of Biglin's shell, and had to back water to get clear. Once on the way home, all pulled with a will, and during the final half mile it was almost an even thing between them, so slight was the distance separating the three leading boats. Hosmer, at last, managed to retain the premier position, however, going over the line just two seconds ahead of Biglin and partner, who led Hosmer and Hill but half a second. Time, 22:24½.

FOUR-OARED SHELLS.—Four miles, three turns; $400 to first, $150 to second, $50 to third; 11 entries, 4 starters.

Shawmut—F. A. Plaisted (bow), Gookin Brothers, M. Mahany (stroke).....	1
Portland—Coyne (bow), Brayley, Payne, J. Conwell (stroke).....	2
Boston Yacht Club—New York—G. Faulkner (bow), Geo. Englehart, J. Biglin, P. Reagan (stroke).....	3
St. James Crew.....	0

They started abreast, but within one hundred yards Shawmut got a good lead, which they added to considerably in the first mile, and thereafter retained their advantage without putting forth all their power. The Faulkner-Biglin four were too much fagged from work previously done to be able to hold their own. The Shawmuts won by fifteen seconds, Portland's time being more than a minute behind the Portlanders. The St. James crew only started to fill up. The officials were: Regatta committee—John E. Fitzgerald, chairman; John W. Fraser and Charles S. Perham. Judges—James A. Lynn, chairman, referee and starter; John A. Kidney, James Fitzgerald and James F. Ormand, at the upper stake; Chas. A. Prince and Daniel Lovering Jr., at the start. Timekeepers—Cyrus A. George of the Fire-alarm Telegraph, and D. H. Morrissey of the City Hall.

AMATEUR REGATTA AT NEWARK, N. J.

The rowing regatta given under the auspices of the City Fathers for prizes bought with money contributed by private citizens, came off on the Passaic River, at Newark, N. J., on the afternoon of July 4. Both in the matter of racing and as an attraction for the public, it proved a complete success, the several contests being participated in by well-known amateurs from other cities, in addition to skilled local pullers, the time made being in some instances excellent, while the number of spectators assembled upon either bank, the length of the course, and upon the tugs, schooners, etc., whose owners saw money in the affair, was calculated at not less than twenty-five thousand. The distance in all the races was one mile and a half straightaway, and below will be found a brief description of each event:

SIX-OARED GIG RACE.

Eureka. Newark—Clark (bow), George Clark, J. Young, W. Ryan, P. Young, J. Angleman (stroke), J. P. Contrell (coxswain).....	1
Mystic, Newark—J. V. Adams (bow), K. Le B. Gardner, G. G. Frelinghuysen, M. P. Hayne, D. E. Tuthill, J. A. A. Dunning (stroke), W. A. Brown (coxswain)...	2
Gimmercy, New York—Geo. Grayson (bow), J. Siller, Geo. Geissel, John Reiffel, H. R. Mills, Thomas Williams (stroke), George Knapp (coxswain).....	3

A half-mile away the New-Yorkers had a lead of a few feet; but they couldn't keep it, the Eurekas spurting past them, and they afterwards falling behind the Mystics, who came in second by nineteen and a half seconds, and just two seconds before the Gramercys, who had fought hard for a better place. Time, 8m. 55s.

SINGLE SCULLS.

First Heat—George W. Lee, Triton Club, Newark, 1; W. C. Hall, Carteret, Perth Amboy, 2; Joseph C. Bassett, Nautilus, New York, 0. The latter fouled a dock at the end of the first mile, and withdrew. Won easily by one minute. Time, 9m. 37⅓s. *Second Heat*—E. Conlon, Friendship, New York, 1; J. W. Adams, Mystic, Newark, 2; Daniel Lynch, Waverly, New York, 0; C. H. K. Halsey, Viking, Newark, 0. Conlon, who led from the start, gradually increased his eight seconds. Lynch and Halsey failed to finish. Time, 9m. 42s. *Third Heat*—E. Mills Jr., N. Y. Athletic, 1; Joseph Maginn, Waverly, New York, 0. The latter retired before going a quarter mile, and Mills pulled leisurely over the course. Time, 9m. 25s. *Final Heat*—Mills, 1; Lee, 2; Conlon, 3. Mills led from end to end of the course, finishing five lengths ahead of Lee, who led Conlon seven lengths. Time, 9m.

PAIR-OARED SHELLS.

Nautilus—Wm. H. Welsh, F. A. Levien (stroke).....	1
Triton—C. H. Hall, Carteret, Perth Amboy (stroke).....	2

Though the Nautilus pair met with an unfortunate mishap after taking a few strokes, the bow's outrigger breaking, they managed to keep ahead all the way, Welsh partially counteracting the effects of the accident by leaning hard against the rudder and making Levien do the pulling. They won by seven and a quarter seconds, which showed what a "puddin" they would have had had this accident not happened. Time, 9m. 43⅘sec.

PAIR-OARED GIGS.

Mystic—E. L. B. Gardner, J. A. R. Dunning (stroke), W. A. Brown (coxswain).....	1
Friendship—E. Robinson, J. Macartney (stroke), M. J. Murray (coxswain).....	2
Viking—W. E. Crane, B. C. Sanders (stroke), H. Hidenburgh (coxswain).....	3
Nonpareil Rowing Club, New York—George Johnson, William R. Hunt (stroke), Charles Gatter (coxswain).....	4

A good race for first place was witnessed between the Mystic and Friendship over a good part of the course, but the Jerseymen proved the better men, and won by sixteen seconds. Time, 9m. 41s.

FOUR-OARED SHELLS.

Eureka—J. Young (bow), W. Ryno, F. Young, J. Angleman (stroke).....	1
Quaker City, Philadelphia—J. D. McBeath (bow), S. Gorminer, Jesse F. Henderson, C. R. Adams (stroke).....	2
Nautilus—Lewis E. Rouse (bow), Frederick A. Levien, William Childs, William H. Walsh (stroke).....	3

The Eurekas, who were the favorites, who jumped off with the lead, were never fully extended, and won by seven and three-quarter seconds, there being twelve seconds' difference between second and third. Time, 8m. 14⅘s. Though the oarsmen were favored by wind and tide, the time given in this race and one or two others, it is evident that the course lacked something of being fully one and one-half miles. The best previous record for four-oared shells was 8m. 22¼s., by the Beaverwycks, in 1875, while the best single-scull time was 9m. 24⅘s., made in 1875, by James Riley, same year; but here Mills is reported as winning easily in 9 minutes. It will be seen, therefore, that the times given for the races are valueless. The prizes were presented to the successful oarsmen by J. A. Keator, on board the barge Alfred and Edwin.

ARGONAUTA ROWING ASSOCIATION.

The Kill von Kull, opposite Bergen Point, N. J., presented on Wednesday, July 4, the gala appearance usual with it at each recurrence of Independence Day since the Argonauta Association fixed upon that date as the time of holding their annual regatta. A large gathering of spectators on the Jersey bank in the neighborhood of the handsome boat-house, the balcony and parlor of which were in possession of by the lady friends of the members, many of whom likewise enjoyed the spectacle from the decks of the steamer on board of which were the judges. The opening event was a single-scull race, about a mile and a quarter in distance, Captain Ben Clapp and Mr. Taylor, beating Arthur Duane, C. B. Greene, J. McNider, and Fred Spring. Time, 8:53. A four-oared gig race followed, with these crews: *Reds*—E. A. Rhodes (bow), W. H. Bramhall, J. A. Lodwick, S. S. Zabriskie (stroke), E. W. Humphreys (coxswain). *Whites*—E. A. S. Man (bow), E. R. Craft; S. B. Traske, J. A. Walker (stroke), A Duane (coxswain). The Reds led from start to finish—easily during the first half of the race, but by harder work coming back. They won by about a quarter of a length. Time taken. Next was a pair-oared shell-race, Ed. Smith and G. E. Man (stroke) defeating W. T. Taylor and R. E. Dunbar by six seconds. Time, 8:06. The final race was for four-oared shells, and was contested by the following crews: *Reds*—J. McNider (bow), C. B. Greene, R. V. R. Schuyler, G. E Man (stroke). *Whites*—W. E. Caldwell (bow), J. M. Duane, Wm. Gynne, A. Gallup (stroke). A softer thing than the Reds had in this race no crew need ever want. A tub-race brought the afternoon's sport on the water to an end, but subsequently the members of the club and their guests passed several hours socially at the club-house.

ROWING AT SAUGERTIES, N. Y.—The Saugerties Rowing Club celebrated the nation's birthday by holding a regatta, which was enjoyed by hundreds of people. The first was a single-scull race, in which Tomkins of the Wolvenhooks beat Fidgeon of the Saugerties by half a length. Time, 7:23. The second, a double-scull race between the Ulysses of Troy and the Wolvenhooks, was won by the latter. Time, 6:27. The third was a race for six-oared gigs, in which the Mutuals of Albany were the only entry. They rowed over the course in 6:22. The fourth, a race for four-oared shells, which was rowed by the Saugerties, Mutuals and Wolvenhooks, was won by the latter. Time, 5:52. Saugerties' time, 6:00; Mutuals', 6:07. All races were one-mile heats, straightaway, for handsome prizes.

PALISADES OF YONKERS, N. Y.—An eight-oared barge race was among the attractions gotten up by the members of the Palisade Club on July 4. The course rowed over was about a mile, and the crews were made up thus: Resolute—F. Ritter (bow), W. Drummond, J. Moffat, S. S. Lee, W. Moore, H. B. Starr, H. T. Keyser, R. G. Jackson (stroke). E. Jackson (coxswain). Palisade—H. H. Thayer (bow), Otto Sarony, C. Harriot, C. Shaw, G. D. Underhill, W. Stewart, A. Moffat, W. Myers (stroke), W. Flagg (coxswain). It was an interesting contest, first one and then the other leading; but the Resolutes led last, crossing the imaginary line a half length to the good. Subsequently Harriot beat Sarony, Moore, Keyser and Drummond in a swimming contest.

BASEBALL.

CHICAGO vs. ST. LOUIS.

Brilliant running, one-handed catches by Blong and Hines were all that rendered noteworthy a game played by the above clubs at St. Louis, Mo., on July 2, weak batting and poor fielding characterizing it throughout. The visiting club won by three runs.

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, 3b	4	0	0	2	0	1	Hallinan, r. f.	5	1	2	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 9.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonino, Mlle.
Allen, Eloise
Arnold, Alice L.
Adams, Lucille
Atkinson, Maude
Bartte, Fannie
Briggs, Ada
Bennett, Amy
Blande, Edith
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie
Baker, Minnie
Chalmers, Gussie
Corral, Miss A.
Crisp, Minnie E.
Clifton, Viola
Claire, Maggie (of Cole's Cir.)
Celeste, Rose
Connolly, Sadie
Caselli, Fannie (2)
Courtright, Mrs. Nellie
Coombs, Jane
Delmar, Emily
Dyas, Ada
Delmar, Lu lu
Dickinson, Anna
Durrell, Barrie
De Rose, Wm.
Dixon, Blanche
Douglas, Fannie
Etzeline, Kittie
Eytinge, Rose
Edwards, Louise (vocalist)
Emerson, Mlle. (trapezist)
Etzeline, Celia
Fisher, Kate
Fisk, May
Fox, Annie 6c.
Gaugain, Alice
Grady, Ella
Gray, Mabie
Hallett, Alta
Herbert, Emilie
Hindle, Annie
Hussey, Mrs. Frank
Hill, Mrs. Alice
Howard, May (2)
Johns, Effie (2)
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Langley, Georgie
Lindsay, Jennie
La Verde, Belle
Lupo, Mlle.
Lola, Mlle.
Mulvey, Lizzie
Martelle, Miss
Morris, Clara (2)
McAllister, Phoss
Morton, Miss A. A.
Miller, Mrs. A.
Moxon, Ada
Mayo, Ella
Norwood, Marian L.
Neukaleta, Miss
Nora, Madam
Nelson, Annie
O'Neil, Mrs. Kate
Reamer
O'Neal, Hattie
Orr, Edna
Oaks, Mrs. Alice
Phillips, Ida
Parker, Kittieclate
Pastor, Mrs. Belle
Palladino, Mlle.
Parker, Susie
Prestige, Fannie
Robeson, Erba (2)
Rentz, Madam
Rainford, Alice
Richings-Bernard, Mrs. C.
Ransom, Alice (2)
Shelton, Lizzie
Shanley, Josephine (2)
Stratton, Florence L.
Salvati, Mad.
Schott, Angie (2)
Stella, Rose
Sanyersh, Mrs. "Sam"
Sanford, "Lou"
Smith, Hattie
Taylor, Marian
Thomas, Mrs. Jas
Vernon, Mrs. A. C.
Vickers, Mattie
Vincent, Mrs. Eva
Whittingham, Marie
Washington, Mrs.
Woods, Carrie
Nicholls, R. Ham ilton 5c.
Norton, John W.
Newcombe, "Bob" by
Orrin Bros.
Neal, "Jim"
Phillion, A. S.
Primrose, G. H.
Plunkett, Chas.
Perkins, Fred.
Pejser, David
Paff, Henry "Proprietor"(3)
Pietrie, Sig
Pearl, Bros.
Pearl, C. C.
Ross, Wright & Gage
Rogers, C. Stuart
Robertson, Alex. (musician)
Round, W. M. N.
Ripley, Wm.
Rosenbaum, E. (2)
Robinson, John
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Min.)(6)
Richerson, "Charlie"
Rigg, T. G.
Russell, John
Radcliffe, Ed.
Robinson, F. L.
Ross, "Pat"
Ray, "Johnny"
Rice, C. W.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Sands, Edward
Shoemaker, "Andy"
Sanford, "Joe"
Simmons & Slocum
Sullivan, J. J.
Sutherland, Mr.
Seeley, C. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.) 10c.
Sloman, John
Spackman, J. R.
Smith & Fox
Showtes, J. J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.) (2)
Slocum, L. (of Sells Cir.)
Skelly, J. (song writer)
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Seymour, O. F.
Snyder, "Matt"
Sheffer & Slavin
Stutz, J. G.
Stanley, Burton
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Smith, J. (of Slavin & Co.)
Sprague, D. J. (3)
Slate & Hodges (2)
Simmons, Wm. (stage manager)
Stevens, R. E.
Sothern, E. A. (2)
Simpson, R. E.
Thompson, John ("On Hand")
Thompson & Wat
"Thespian" (2)
Tyler, Geo.
Turner, Richd (sketch "biz")
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Thomas, Jas. E.
Thompson, "Den" (3)
Tayleure, C. W.
Thatcher & Hume
Tribble, Harry
Ufner, Frank
Virginia"
Victorelli, W
Wildwood, F. T
Wiley, Wm.
Wallace, John
West, "Lon"
Weaver, "Eddie"
Wagner, "Cal"
Wilson, Geo.
Worden, Robt.
Watkins, Harry
Woodruffe, W (glass "biz")
Wiley, "Lem" H. (2)
Wells, Harry C. (2)
Werner, "Ned" (comed.)
Waters, Fred.
Walde, N. B.
Walters, Chas. E.
Ward, W. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Watkins, C. (of Ada Gray's Co.)
Waters, Molly
Wood, Jos.
Wood, T. F.
West, Frank
Williams, "Gus"
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wehy, J. (of Johnson's Minst.)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"Admiral Dot"
Aymar, Fred.
Adams, Jas. R.
Adams, Edwin 5c.
Alexandria, G. (circus "biz")
Ainsley, "Ned"
Aiken, Frank
Arbuckle, O.
Brennan, M. A.
Blitz, E. (of Murray's Cir.) 6c
Barbour, W. W.
Belmont, C. (of Queen's Cir.)
Bolter, Saml.
Baldwin, Prof. S.S.
Burk, J (of "Texas Jack's" Co.)
Barlow, H. G.
Bruffey, E. C. (2)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Blodgett, Chas.
Berger, Fred.
"Big 4" The Benedict, "Lew" Brown, W. R. (biz manager)
Bates, Horace
Barret, Lawrence
Barnhold, Dion
Brougham, John
Brown, "Gus"
Beggs, Frank
Brooks, A. C.
Bothner, "Gus"
Barry, John
Barr, Geo. (2)
Baldwin, Prof.
Baldwin, Ed.
Blitz, F. R.
Blitz, Jerome
Curry, Nelson
Channon, Thos.
Crane, Chuck
Corella, Robt.
Crawford, W. L.
Coleman, Thos.
Clinton, James
Colton, Harry
Cleveland, Grover
Cooper, W. H.
Carleton, W. T.
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Clark, D. Bell
Callender, Chas. (2)
Colville, Saml.
Carncross, J. L. (2)
Cornwall & Townley's Cir.
Carleton, W.
Cobb, "Zac"
Caywood, C. C.
Carroll, Chas. (2)
Caselin, Jas.
Campbell, Bartley
Cole, W. W.
Cooper Bros.
Cooke, Jas. (of Queen's Cir.)
Cole, "Lew"
Chandler, A. B.
Duffy, W. J.
Dupree, C. H. (3 6c
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dowling, J. J.
Duffield, H. S.
Davidson, Saml S.
Dickerson, Harry A.
Devonear, Peter
De Forest, H. F.
De Leon, Leon (2)
Duffield, H. S.
Doherty, W. H.
Dunn, Sig.
Emidy, James 3c.
Emidy, Richd.
Eberle, Eugene F.
Edwards, G. H.
Estey, J. H.
Ellis, Chas. H.
Emmens, T. F.
Eagan, Hugh
Eagan, J. (of Howe's Cir.)
Fitzgerald, M. D.
Frayne, F. I.
France, Geo.
Ferguson, Robt. V.
Flanigan, Ed. (circus "biz")
Fowler, W.
Fowler, Hugh
Fisk, C. W. (equestrian)
Farnish, C. E.
Fursmen, Geo.
Friere, A. W.
Filkins, Col. Robt.
Florance, W. J.
Foster, John J.
Frey, C. S.
Fay, Sig.
Ferguson, "Barney"
Franklin, W. E.
Fabra, Prof. (prestidig.)
Griffin, Master
Gibbs, Clark
Grant, W. F. (2)
Griffin, Thos. F. (2)
Gilbil, "Ben"
Gossin, J. Leslie
Grisel, Louis R.
Gulick, Jos. S.
Goldberg, Prof. John
Gorouz, Mons. (2)
Gilmore, W. J.
Hall, Mills (2)
Hogan, Jno. B.
Holdsworth, "Sam"
Hughes, Prof. (statue "biz")
Hogan, W. M. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Hindley, Thos. (leader)
Hatch, C. A.
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harrington, John C.
Hennessey Bros.
Helip, Jos. (circus "biz")
Haviland, J.
Hall, F.
Hanley, M. W.
Hess, C. D.
Henderson, Eugene
Hendershott, D. D.
Hall, Alfred
Heywood Bros.
Healy, Dr. J. S.
Hawkins, C. B.
Hall, E. M.
Hodges, D. B.
Hough, Chas. (Irish "biz")
Howe, "Den"
Height, "Bob"
Heinrich, Fred. (2)
Herndon, T. J.
Haverly, J. H.
Hume, "Dick" (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Hamer, Frank (of "Black Hand" Co.)
Johnson, L. (of "Texas Jack Min. Sh.")
Jamison, F. E.
Johnson, Geo.
Kopp, Frank
Kent, Ed.
Kendall, H. A.
Kirby, Mr. (theatrical agent) 5c.
Kirk, "Bobby" F.
Kelly, E. (of Kelly & Leon)
Kernell, Harry
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels
Kartell, W. N.
Lent, "Sam"
Leavitt, M. B.
Lee, H. (of Robbin's Cir.)
Levino, A. L.
Lloyd, Mr.
Levino Bros.
Laiscelle, Lyman
Livino, "Dolph"
Lamont, G. (gymnast) (2)
Lee, Harry
Leslie, Roy
Lavine, Sidney (2)
Lockhart, — (one-arm-man)
Lawkins, Jas.
Lyle, Jas.
Lambert, L. H.
La Clede, "Billy"
Landis Bros.
Lang, "Joe"
Le Rue, Ed.
Mayer, M. R.
Merideth, F. S.
MacEvoy, Mr.
Marcus, C. (2)
Mack, J. J.
Marks, "Jase"
Morris, G. W.
Maffet, John
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Makeever, Geo.
Mason, "Dan"
Mortimer, H. with Scott McWade
Martin, "Sam"
Meinel, A. (musician)
McCoy, "Dave"
Matthews, C. C.
Maurice, W. (of Atwell & Maurice)
Murphy, "Joe"
Marks, Prof. (of Dickenson's Orch.)
Marcella, A.
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Miles, R. B.
Murphy, "Paddy" (Irish "biz")
Moore & Lessinger
Mitchell, G. (of Morrison's D. Co.)
Marble, Wm. (man Johnson's Minst.)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Julia Walcut and Jacob Wilby.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 9, '77.

We have disposed of another anniversary of our natal day; and again, after the Fourth's fitful fever, we sleep well. The performances reminded us of a variety entertainment, being composed of a little of all sorts, to suit all tastes, and tapering off with a display of fireworks that painted "hell on the sky," as the dreaming sailor-boy remarked, and with cannonading along the whole line which made the very welkin ring. Brother Bowen gathered together the faithful and the unfaithful at his villa in Connecticut, and the conflicting sentiments there enunciated were received in an approving spirit by the respective partisans of the orators of the day. Tammany had its little powwow; but the big Indian who stands up and guards the wigwam maintained his accustomed post on top of the building, just as if he had been glued there and was determined to stick. The small boy was out in force: the little yaller dog was silent as the grave, because he was being drowned; the baseballist was ubiquitous; while the motherly lady who sells gingerbread to unripe children, and the kind-hearted rounder who deals out parti-colored lemonade at a cent a glass and upwards, according to location and the quality of his customers, were around in spots, with an assemblage of pistareens chasing them up with a determined rush. Then we had the usual crowing the unwilling offspring of professional office-seekers. Theatricals were a trifle off. The day was too lovely for any patriotic son of the soil to immerse himself within the purlieus of a playhouse, with its innumerable gas-jets dispensing heated fragments, and the fluid forces of the strength of the company denoting the absence of a nipping and an eager air. Snap-parties made up to do the provinces for one day only, with the privilege of renewal should the facts warrant such a proceeding, did not emerge from the day's thraldom with the laurel-wreaths of fortune encircling their brows, or with the worthy treasurers and their assistants arriving home the proceeds of their honest endeavors in the currency of the times. There were all sorts of excursions to all sorts of places, but we must enter our protest against moonlight excursions with the moon left out. The steamer William Cook was advertised to make a "grand moonlight excursion, returning to the city before midnight." Now, as the moon did not rise until seven minutes before midnight, it must have been a severe strain on the pale orb of night to make the connection in time for the excursionists. This was drawing things a little too fine on the mourners. But the day passed off remarkably well. While many of us were sorely wounded by the premature explosion of small-bore guns, and the accidental discharge of safety rifles, very few of us were killed outright, which speaks well for the improvements of the times in the arts and the efforts of the Board of Underwriters to suppress the small boy and his juvenile pyrotechnics; so that, take it for all in all, we probably shall not look upon its like again. . . . . While "The Cross and the Crescent" is all the rage on the banks of the blue Mos—cus' banks of the blue Danube—the same did not exhibit like stamina on the stage at Niblo's, owing, probably, to the peaceful character of our people, and the enforced economical influences by which we are environed. In memory of it, let us dedicate a few choice lines:

"AT REST."

"The Old Man of the Mountain," rechristened and redressed,
Though backed by able acting, failed to interest.
Collier and Colton, Roche and Ward, worked hard in fire and flight,
While burly Frank beheld his foe more daunted every night.

. . . . . People who visit zoological gardens and aquariums and menageries and similar exhibitions of animated nature are politely requested not to tickle living alligators nor to infringe upon the wonted quiet and domestic retirement of horned snakes. We once knew an alligator which was minding its own business, and "saying nothing to nobody," when a man wearing a Piccadilly collar came up and began fooling with it and showing the terrified throng which surrounded the creature how easy it was to cozen and cajole

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was well attended last week, especially on the Fourth of July, when a grand display of fireworks and other novel features, including a balloon-ascension by Master John Wise and sister, attracted nearly fifty thousand persons.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, received a liberal patronage during the past week, an unusually large number of visitors being recorded on the Fourth of July. A pair of alligators caught at the mouth of the Mississippi are the latest additions to the already large collection on exhibition here.

MAJOR TOT, dwarf, has been on exhibition at Paterson, N. J., for the past week, to good business.

AT KINGSTON, N. Y., on July 4, the citizens were amused by Prof. Dare's tight-rope and trapeze-performances, a balloon-ascension by Prof. Charles Fisher, sack-races and other sports.

CHIP THOMPSON will walk across the Schulykill, Philadelphia, on a half-inch wire, each afternoon during the current week.

AMATEUR.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE LITERARY UNION of Morrisania, N. Y., gave their first dramatic entertainment July 3.

IN CONSEQUENCE of Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., being taken by Manager Macauley, the Davenport Club have no theatre adequate for the audiences, and are negotiating for Thoms' Hall with the design of enlarging and remodeling it for themselves.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

LONDON THEATRES continue to suffer from the effects of the warm weather, the attendance at the different houses during the week preceding the date of our most recent advices, June 23, being light, while little of novelty was presented for the consideration of the playgoing public, for the reason that the returns would not warrant the incurring of even slight extra expense. The programmes at the various houses were as follow: Haymarket—"Charles XII.," "Lend Me Five Shillings," "A Regular Fix;" Queen's—M. Riviere's Summer Promenade Concerts; Lyceum—"The Lottery Ticket," "The Lyons Mail;" Adelphi—"Hide and Seek," "The Streets of London," "Les Rendezvous;" Olympic—"The Scuttled Ship;" Princess'—"After Dark;" Prince of Wales'—"The Vicarage," "London Assurance;" Court—"New Men and Old Acres;" Gaiety—(French plays)—"Le Bouquet," L'Autographe," "Toto Chez Tata;" Globe—"After Dark," "The Lights of Paris;" Vaudeville—"A Whirligig," "Our Boys," "A Fearful Fog;" Strand—"On and Off," "Mammon," "The Maid and the Magpie;" Criterion—"The Porter's Knot," "The Pink Dominoe;" Folly—"The Conjugal Lesson," "The Spectre of the Rose;" Oxygen, or Gas in Burlesque Metre;" Alhambra—"A Farce," "Orphee aux Enfers," Grand Ballets; Park—"A Message from the Sea," "The Bellringer of Notre Dame;" Surrey—"East Lynne," "The Courier of Lyons;" Standard—"East Lynne;" "Chapter of Accidents;" Grecian—"The Golden Daggers," "Venus with the Tippet On," "During Her Majesty's Pleasure;" Britannia—"The Gunmaker of Moscow," "St. Bartholomew;" Victoria—"British Born," "Hand and Glove;" Pavilion—"Nobody's Child," "Uncle Sam."

"WHO'S TO WIN, OR THE POOL OF THE FOUR WILLOWS," a new sensational drama in four acts by W. S. Bronson, was presented to the patrons of the Marylebone Theatre, London, June 18. The story is as follows: Edward Gaston has married a second wife, Maude, very speedily after Bella, who is still known as Bella Harding, in order to retrieve his fortune. Bella has a relative, Gilbert Harding, who professes to be anxious to save her, but he is in the power of Edward Gaston in consequence of his forged bills. He wishes to obtain Bella's marriage certificate, and, with the assistance of Messrs. Humphrey Skillet and Miles Goring, are to follow Bella to the pool of the four willows and wrest the document from her. The usual sensational business is transacted. The wretched woman struggles with her assailant. There is a vast amount of tugging and clawing, alternated with occasional screaming, but the result is that the unfortunate heroine is thrown into the pool—a *pretty* and effective scene, by the way. But a great deal more dark work has yet to be accomplished. The child of Bella Harding lives and is kept out of the way, but of course in the end villainy is vanquished and virtue valued as it should be and always is in the sensational drama, and the rightful heir comes to his own after all his trials and troubles.

"LIGHTS ON AN OLD COAT WITH A NEW LINING," is the title of a new two-act comedy from the pen of Alfred Maltby, which was first produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., on June 18. The action of the comedy takes place in one scene, and the plot may be summed up in few words. The son of a rich tradesman of the homely, ordinary type, who has risen from the proverbial "nothing" by his own application and industry, is engaged to be married to the daughter of a needy, money-hunting widow of an M. P., who determines to secure her position in place in society by the marriage of her child. The girl is about as heartless as her mother, but between them they manage to hook the affections of Mr. Sam Potts Jr., the young man referred to, who has plenty of money, but very little breeding or education. The husband-seeking daughter in the first act does not take great pains to conceal her contempt for the young man, whose education is none of the best, and the fond, mercenary mother certainty takes no trouble at all to hide the fact that it is Potts' money, and not true love, which is at the bottom of the alliance. Potts, however, is so thoroughly and foolishly infatuated with Maud, to whom he is about to be wed, that he will not open his eyes to the fact that she has only mercenary motives. There is a certain young cousin, whom he calls "the little lady," however, who is sharp enough to discover the falseness of the coming marriage, and by a clever ruse she ultimately contrives a denouement which brings things to a proper bearing. She concocts a letter in which it is stated that a bank in Manchester, wherein lies all the Potts' money, is smashed, and this news is quickly communicated to the lady money-hunter, whose affection for young Potts quickly evaporates. She suddenly attaches herself to another resident in the house—a "man of education," but whose most serious business seems to be as to the best means of swindling people. The little ruse of Potts' pretty cousin is made known after this change of lover, and the comedy ends with a fair strategist securing the affections of him whom she had delivered from an unhappy union.

"THE LION'S TAIL, AND THE NAUGHTY BOY WHO WAGGED IT," a burlesque by R. Reece upon the subject of "The Courtier of Lyons," was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, June 18. Lesurques and Dubosc are two schoolboys in the school of Dr. Fer-uil. The former is the pattern boy of the establishment, the latter a scamp who has just joined it. A robbery of Jerome, the landlord of the Lion's Tail, and the purveyor of sweets to the school, is executed by Dubosc, with the assistance of Choppard, Fournard, and Courrol, and the resemblance between the two boys leads to the wrong one being sentenced to punishment. In the end Lesurques is saved from the disgrace in a manner like that which proved efficacious in the original drama.

Our Australian Letter.

MELBOURNE, May 28, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Since my last we have gone through the trouble of a general election. George Coppin, comedian, was a candidate for Parliament, was defeated. So far as the places of amusement were concerned, very little injury was done during the political struggle, as it was all over in three weeks, and the polling took place at all the places on one day. At date of my last communication, "The Great Divorce Case" had possession of the boards of the Theatre Royal. It was well cast and played, but ran only for two weeks, when it was replaced by the first production in Melbourne of "Eileen Oge." Every care was given in its presentation, and the new scenery painted expressly by John Hennings was remarkable for taste and finish. The cast was one of the best for this kind of play that Melbourne has seen for a long time. Mr. Frank Appleton was Patrick O'Donnell; W. J. Holloway, Henry Lofius; R. W. Lawrence, McLean the Middleman; E. Gladstane, Moriarty; R. Stewart, Bryan O'Flynn; Stuart Dyrie (the age-manager), Lawyer Dennis Mahony; B. Brown, Nolan; Bearne, Leary; H. Sefton, Mesh; C. H. Taylor, Tim the Penman; J. R. Greville, Thomas; J. H. Deorwyn, Sergeant Kennedy; Andy by Mr. Cæsar; Mr. Maynard, Father John Thaney; Ellen Moriarty (Eileen Oge) by Mrs. Carry George; Maggie Heward, Norah O'Donnell; Jenny Watt, Mrs. O'Donnell; Dicey Stewart, Bridget Mahony; Nelly Stewart, Kitty O'Flynn; Alice Deorwyn, Susan O'Carroll; Miss Milman, Maggie Delaney; and Miss Constance Deorwyn, Molly Malone. After a short but successful run, this play was withdrawn to give way for Mr. Dampier's farewell engagement prior to his departure for America. He made his reappearance at the Royal on Saturday night, May 26, to a house crammed from pit to dome. His reception as Hamlet was most enthusiastic, and the hearty cheers that greeted him were heartfelt, loud and prolonged—in fact, the action of the tragedy was stayed for some minutes to allow of the cordial recognition. The success obtained by Mr. Dampier during his starring tour in the neighboring colonies was a great one, but his performances, and we were not disappointed. During his engagement he will appear in several plays new to the Melbourne stage. A benefit is tendered to Mr. Harwell in Sydney, and he sails for San Francisco. Such, I am told, are his intentions. His agent is our old friend "Pat John Bryan." ..... The Academy of Music is one of the most elegant and comfortable theatres in this hemisphere. Comedy and burlesque are the main pabulum served out to their patrons. "The Two Roses" has been a deserved success. R. K. Walton's Digby Grant was an excellent display of eccentric comedy; but Fred Thorne's quiet rendering of the blind man, Caleb Decie, was a thoroughly artistic performance. Mr. Boothman was the Jack Wyatt; J. P. Hydes, Our Mr. Jenkins; Mrs. Williamum, Our Mrs. Jenkins; Mrs. W. H. Ryan, Mrs. Tupps; and Mrs. G. R. W. Lewis and Miss Flora Austed as the two Rosebuds—Lottie and Ida—made up a strong cast. I almost forgot to mention that W. H. Wallace made an excellent Mr. Furnival, the lawyer, and very materially assisted in the success of the comedy. As a finish to the programme, burlesque has closed the evening's entertainment. "Lalla Rookh," with Mr. Lewis as Feramor the Bridegroom, and Messrs. Hydes and Fred Thorne as Aliverdan (on alternate nights), the other characters being well sustained, gave unlimited satisfaction to the patrons of this house. Though Mr. Hydes' assumption of the truculent bandit was good, I must in justice give the palm to Mr. Thorne's presentation of the same part. The burlesque of "The Orange-tree and Bumble-Bee," by Byron, took the place of "Lalla Rookh," and all the parts were well played. On Saturday "The Ticket-of-leave Man" was produced, and it crammed the auditorium of the Opera-house, after the withdrawal of Fred Lyster's version of "£3,000,000" (three millions of money), which was playing at date of my last letter, we had a revival of "A Kinsman with "Prize," supplemented by the appearance of Jim Mace in his statuesque illustrations in the garden-scene of the drama. Emmet's performance was as good as ever, and every point was speedily recognized by his crowded audiences. After seven nights of good business, opera and opera-bouffe took up its legitimate position. On the opening night (May 26) Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bracy (Miss Clara Thompson) made their first appearance since their return from California as Paquillo and La Parichole. An enthusiastic reception was accorded them. On Saturday night Miss Catherine Lewis and Armes Beaumont essayed the same parts. The latter was in excellent voice and sang splendidly, but Miss Lewis suffered by comparison with Mrs. Bracy. "Nitouche" (Mrs. Bracy) was next given, the two prima-donnas playing the title rôle on alternate nights. "The Grand Duchess," for Miss Lewis' benefit, and the most complete of all of her Australian successes, followed; and on Saturday night "Madame L'Archiduc" was presented for the first time in Melbourne, the characters being thus sustained: Marietta, Miss Catherine Lewis; Countess of Castelardo, Miss Alice Woodridge; Graconetta, Miss Bessie Royal; Gelotto, Mr. H. Bracy; Count of Castelardo, Mr. C. H. Temple; Archduke, Mr. George Leopold (stage-manager); Ricardo, J. Forde; Pantoufle, Miss E. A. Lambert; Duke of Pontedesecone, G. A. Johnson; Marquis of Frangipani, Mr. A. Farley; and Pianoforte Dolce, Mr. Gordon. It was a thorough success. The bandmaster Signor Alberto Zelman, is one of the best in Australasia, and has lately been augmented by the engagement of the violinist Mons. Leon Caron, who arrived here with Levy the cornet-player. By the way, Levy has been secured by Mr. Lyster on high terms for a series of appearances at the Opera-house, which will take place in a few nights. At the close of the opera-bouffe season the impresario has made arrangements with the artists now engaged to Mr. Lazar for an Italian opera season, to commence about the beginning of August. The new prima donna, Signora Bianca Blume, has been engaged by cable from Vienna, where she is said to have achieved a success in Wagner's "Lohengrin," which will be performed here for the first time in the southern hemisphere. Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" and "Mignon" will also be presented. ..... At St. George's Hall the U. S. A. Minstrels, consisting of Messrs. G. W. Rockefeller, Louis Braham, B. Emery, Thos. Campbell, Charles Holly, C. Wand, Owen Conduit (pianist), J. Thompson (violin), R. W. Kohler ("Dick" Kohler), W. H. Beer, and Tommy Hudson, vice Tom Buckley (seceded), are now on the close of an excellent season. They open at the School of Arts, in Sydney, in about three weeks. The hall here will then be tenanted by Mr. Martin Simonsen, who has organized an opera company, and with it has been performing successfully in the provinces and the other colonies. The new lessee states that he has tried in vain to lease one of the Melbourne theatres for the production of several new operas, of which he has become the purchaser; hence his present venture. Amongst the works promised are "The Hermit's Bell" and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." Madame Simonsen will appear on the opening night (June 4) in "Satanella," to be followed by "Maritana" and "Martha." ..... The genial John Wilson is again to the fore, and for the Winter has built a large and commodious circus on the ground formerly used by Chiarini, in Lonsdale street, Melbourne. Omar Kingsley is his active lieutenant and circus-manager. After some postponement, in consequence of wet weather, which usually accompanies Wilson in his speculations, the show was opened on Saturday to a crammed and delighted audience. The company consists of Messrs. Omar Kingsley with his trick-horses Abdallah, President and Silvia, the Duvall Brothers, R. Hutchins, Mons. A. Herbert, George Shields, Boothwick Reid, Lee, Master Coox and Hadj Hamo, Mlle. Leon Herbert and Mlle. Gracie, with Messrs. Bob Johnson and Walter Airey (clowns), and the comic mule Barney..... The Apollo Hall seems to be on its last legs. it is out of the ruck of places of amusement. A scratch company has been showing there during the last few nights, but to very little business. Mr. Welsh, well known from his connection with Earnshaw & McDonough's Marionettes, has started open here with a marionette show—similar, but perfectly new. Mr. Webb has just finished a long tour through Queensland and New South Wales..... A glance at the *providences*: At the Geelong Mechanics' Institute a variety company, including Miss Maggie Liddle, Miss Rowe (double-voice vocalist), and Messrs. Raynor, Western, and F. Hillman, has been giving entertainments during the last week, a grand demonstration of the fire-brigades of the colony being held at the same time in that town..... Sheridan Corbyn is still alive with his original Georgia Minstrels. On Saturday night last they performed at the Alfred Hall, Ballarat..... At the Albert Hall, Daylesford, a series of concerts have been given by Madame Carandini, assisted by Miss Emma Marie Carandini, Miss Nordt (pianist), Walter Sherwin and Cecil Forrester with his entertainment "Funny Facial Fancies." ..... At Avoca, the Lo-Lo Combination, including the Coulson Brothers, are appearing at the Victoria Theatre ..... At St. George's Hall, Beechworth, J. J. Daniels has been giving the public of oddities, and is now touring the district —latest at El Dorado ..... At the Academy of Music, Ballarat, the Emmet ("Fritz") and Mace Combination, with the Melbourne Opera-house dramatic company, have been playing "Fritz" to good business. They close open to-night at the new Princess' Theatre, Bendigo, Sandhurst..... A perfect little genius has just dawned upon us—a marvel of a musician—Master Ernest Hodson, aged 5½ years, who is already a brilliant pianist and a thorough musical scholar. His powers on the theory of music have been severely tested by the most eminent of our musicians, and he has been found wonderfully proficient. ..... A letter from sydney of latest date has the following: "On the 18th of May Miss Annie Pixley took her bow, playing The Married Bachelor and Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' On the following evening Mrs. Gladstane made her reappearance (after an absence of six years) in the character of Elizabeth, Queen of England. The house was crowded, and the performance an excellent one. Robert Fulford appeared as Essex, B. N. Jones as Burleigh, Mrs. Charles Jones as Lady Nottingham, and Miss Myra Fenwick as Lady Sarah. 'Marie Stuart' has also been performed. On the evening of Mrs. Gladstane's reappearance at the Victoria the tragedy of 'Marie Antoinette' was produced at the Theatre Royal, with Ada Ward as the ill-fated Marie. Her impersonation was artistic, and powerfully worked upon the feelings and sympathies of a large audience. This lady's engagement seems to have turned the tide of this house..... Messrs. Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie has been touring along the Great Southern Line of Railway in New South Wales giving exhibitions at Murrumburrail, Yass and Paramatta, on their way back to Sydney. Then they went to Newcastle, and shortly after landing encountered a fearful storm, which played havoc with their tents and cages, nearly resulting in the escape of a lion and elephant. A panic ensued among the crowd, but the animals were kept in check, though in doing so their keeper was much mauled and injured, but not fatally ..... Mrs. Scott-Siddons has arrived in Melbourne, after a long and satisfactory tour through New Zealand, in which colony she has invested a considerable sum of money in the purchase of land.

LONDON, May 29.—For some considerable time past the relations between G. B. W. Lewis, the lessee of the Melbourne Academy of Music, and Mr. Alderman Aarons, the proprietor, have been of a most unfriendly character, and the latter gentleman has filed a bill in equity, making sundry complaints, and praying for redress of grievances. A change of lessees will probably be the result.

Respectfully yours, CALBOY.

MUSICAL.

NILSSON (and neither Patti nor Albani) will be prima-donna of the forthcoming Russian season.

SPOHR'S "Last Judgment" was performed at the Cassel Festival, in aid of the Spohr monument, on June 22, 23, 24. Brahms and Joachim assisted.

LORD LINDSAY, the president of the Wagner Society, London, Eng., and other members of the committee, including Mr. Dannreuther, the conductor of the concerts of 1873 and 1874, have resolved to raise a fund to present Wagner with an adequate testimonial. They have taken this step in order to carry out the principle on which the Association was based, namely, to assist Herr Wagner to establish the National Opera-house at Bayreuth.

THE HEALTH of Dr. Von Bulow, who is now staying near Bingen on the Rhine, is so far restored that he has accepted the engagement so long contemplated, and is to be the conductor of the choral and orchestral concerts at Glasgow, Scotland.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE PHOITES are reported as being so successful in their performances at the Oxford Music Hall, London, Eng., that they have been re-engaged until Aug. 6. This is their second re-engagement at this house. They are to perform in Glasgow, Scotland, and Manchester, Eng., next December, appearing in the Christmas pantomimes.

PARIS.—The Rotunda, Liverpool, Eng., a cablegram dated London, July 9, informs us, has been destroyed by fire.

THE TURF.

LONG BRANCH SUMMER RACES.

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At the drawgate Romney looked all over a winner, but shut up the moment Hughes called upon him for a final effort, when Hayward challenged resolutely with Dauntless; so the latter got up in the last stride, and won the heat by a neck in 1:46¼; Romney a neck before Fellowcraft, whom Evans brought with a rush at the finish, and Chesapeake fourth, the rest pulling up when they saw pursuit useless. The betting now became mixed. At first Dauntless sold at $110, Chesapeake for $100, and the field $50. Then the field became the choice, and sold for $120, with Fellowcraft picked out for $30 and Romney $18, Dauntless being included in the field. Romney and Burgoo cut out the running in the second heat, Passing the half-mile pole, Romney was leading Burgoo a neck. At the furlong-pole Romney still showed the way, and exultant cries arose of "Romney wins!" but they were premature, for Hayward, who had carefully husbanded Dauntless for one decisive effort, brought her through her horses with a rush, and won the heat and the race by three-quarters of a length in 1:46¾; Romney second, as far before Chesapeake. The backers of Dauntless were well rewarded for their allegiance, for the mutual pools paid $42 before the first heat, and $11.85 after it. The Monmouth Oaks—a sweepstakes of $50 each, pay or play, for three-year-old fillies, with $750 added, $150 to the second and $50 to the third, one mile and a half—was the next race. There were thirty-nine subscribers, which, with the added money, made the value of the stake $2,700. The runners were Pierre Lorillard's c. f. Zoo Zoo, George Lorillard's b. f. Idalia, W. Cotrill's b. f. Aunt Betsy, Carr & Co.'s b. f. Juno, and D. D. Withers' c. f. Miss Bassett. All the interest in the race centred in Idalia and Zoo Zoo, whose meeting was quite a sensational one, the friendly rivalry of the brothers owning them running so high that, just before the start, a wager of $10,000 was made between them, George Lorillard betting $5,000 that Idalia would beat Pierre's filly. In the pools, after many fluctuations, Idalia was established as first choice, selling at the finish for $650; Zoo Zoo, $575; Aunt Betsy, $65; field, $65. The race was a most unsatisfactory one, for Idadla, who was ridden by Barbee, obstinately refused to join her horses and start, fighting, rearing and fretting herself into a perfect fever. Zoo Zoo and Juno completely tired herself out, and was beaten before the flag fell. At last they got off, Miss Bassett quickly showing in front, and showing the way along the lower turn. Idalia, overpowering Barbee, rushed past her horses, and, in spite of Barbee's pulling, led two full lengths at the stand; then, in the moment of relaxation, Barbee, a powerful, muscular mulatto, aged 5½ years, who is already a brilliant pianist and a thorough musical scholar. His powers on the theory of music have been severely tested by the most eminent of our musicians, and he has been found wonderfully proficient. ..... A letter from sydney of latest date has the following: "On the 18th of May Miss Annie Pixley took her bow, playing The Married Bachelor and Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' On the following evening Mrs. Gladstane made her reappearance (after an absence of six years) in the character of Elizabeth, Queen of England. The house was crowded, and the performance an excellent one. Robert Fulford appeared as Essex, B. N. Jones as Burleigh, Mrs. Charles Jones as Lady Nottingham, and Miss Myra Fenwick as Lady Sarah. 'Marie Stuart' has also been performed. On the evening of Mrs. Gladstane's reappearance at the Victoria the tragedy of 'Marie Antoinette' was produced at the Theatre Royal, with Ada Ward as the ill-fated Marie. Her impersonation was artistic, and powerfully worked upon the feelings and sympathies of a large audience. This lady's engagement seems to have turned the tide of this house..... Messrs. Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie has been touring along the Great Southern Line of Railway in New South Wales giving exhibitions at Murrumburrail, Yass and Paramatta, on their way back to Sydney. Then they went to Newcastle, and shortly after landing encountered a fearful storm, which played havoc with their tents and cages, nearly resulting in the escape of a lion and elephant. A panic ensued among the crowd, but the animals were kept in check, though in doing so their keeper was much mauled and injured, but not fatally ..... Mrs. Scott-Siddons has arrived in Melbourne, after a long and satisfactory tour through New Zealand, in which colony she has invested a considerable sum of money in the purchase of land.

LONDON, May 29.—For some considerable time past the relations between G. B. W. Lewis, the lessee of the Melbourne Academy of Music, and Mr. Alderman Aarons, the proprietor, have been of a most unfriendly character, and the latter gentleman has filed a bill in equity, making sundry complaints, and praying for redress of grievances. A change of lessees will probably be the result.

Respectfully yours, CALBOY.

MUSICAL.

NILSSON (and neither Patti nor Albani) will be prima-donna of the forthcoming Russian season.

SPOHR'S "Last Judgment" was performed at the Cassel Festival, in aid of the Spohr monument, on June 22, 23, 24. Brahms and Joachim assisted.

LORD LINDSAY, the president of the Wagner Society, London, Eng., and other members of the committee, including Mr. Dannreuther, the conductor of the concerts of 1873 and 1874, have resolved to raise a fund to present Wagner with an adequate testimonial. They have taken this step in order to carry out the principle on which the Association was based, namely, to assist Herr Wagner to establish the National Opera-house at Bayreuth.

THE HEALTH of Dr. Von Bulow, who is now staying near Bingen on the Rhine, is so far restored that he has accepted the engagement so long contemplated, and is to be the conductor of the choral and orchestral concerts at Glasgow, Scotland.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE PHOITES are reported as being so successful in their performances at the Oxford Music Hall, London, Eng., that they have been re-engaged until Aug. 6. This is their second re-engagement at this house. They are to perform in Glasgow, Scotland, and Manchester, Eng., next December, appearing in the Christmas pantomimes.

PARIS.—The Rotunda, Liverpool, Eng., a cablegram dated London, July 9, informs us, has been destroyed by fire.

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RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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